

THRICE THROUGH
THE FURNACE:

A TALE OF THE TIMES

OF THE

IRON HOOF.

“—which devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue
with his feet.”—DANIEL.

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TO THE READER.

THE little work, now presented to the public was written the Autumn after the passage of the Fugitive Slave law. It was written in haste, and in the interval of another employment. It was put into the hands of a friend for publication at that time. Circumstances over which the Author had no control, prevented its immediate publication. I refer any one who desires to know the facts in the case to Mr. John H. Willard, of Pawtucket. It was written as a testimony against the Fugitive Slave Law. I wished that my feelings, concerning that law, should reach the ears of the people. I know that we overcome "by the blood of the lamb and the word of our testimony." I considered the mode here adopted, the surer method of access to the people. It was not till I had decided to publish it that I met with that wonderful book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Thus while my little bark lay hindered in port, God had launched forth a noble vessel on the chafed waters of the public mind. If any one thinks I have exaggerated the cruelties of slavery, let them read Theodore Weld's *Testimony of a thousand witnesses*; and see how the dreadful truth exceeds anything my pen has here portrayed! The characters are in their main, delineations from the life. The charity, the loveliness, the piety of Marian, are not Ideal—Sybil's character is drawn from one I know; and who, acquainted with Anti-Slavery life, has not seen Gilbert among the Fugitives? The character of the warrior clergyman, I am sorry to say, is also not altogether imaginary, but while the Christian ministry numbers such men as the martyrs, Torrey and Lovejoy, and he who now lies in a southern prison,

and many more burning and shining lights, we will not despair.

I have shown how slavery uproots the domestic affections, and destroys all that purity of attachment between the sexes, which is the boast and the safeguard of Christian civilization.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein the hero of this story speaks for himself.

“COME nearer, Gilbert, I have something to tell thee before I die. I never dared to tell thee till now ; but thou must keep it secret. Thou and thy sister, Marian, are the children of our Master. God has forgiven me, for thou knowest the sin was not mine. I hear that Jonas Freeman, the good friend, who told me about the great friend in Heaven, is coming back from his visit to England. When he returns, Gilbert, seek him out and he will be a father to thee.” While mother was thus speaking, I, who had been weeping and sobbing violently at the door of the hut, drew nearer the low straw pallet, where she lay, and putting my arm underneath her, rested her head on my swelling bosom ! The disclosure that my mother now made me, did not much affect me, for my whole soul was absorbed in the thought of losing her. The little lone hut, to which we had been sent, at the time it was believed we should both fall victims to the cholera, stood on a woody hill, and looked down into a broken, irregular ravine. Through a gorge in the mountains dashed a turbid river ; and every thing around us was formed to inspire melancholy yet sublime ideas, and unearthly thoughts. And here I was alone in this solitude with my dying mother. My own robust constitution had conquered the disease but my poor mother had been long consumptive, and although

the fell malady had itself passed away, it had hastened her death. I was now just nineteen. We had never been separated. She was nurse in the family, and I, my young master's body servant; so that our situation gave more opportunity for the tender intercourse of mother and child than that of many other slaves. How often have I stolen to my mother to tell her of the cruel treatment I had received, and to find consolation in the sympathy of her, who was now dying in my arms; my faithful, tender mother! My young master was of a severe, imperious temper. He would not allow me to associate with the other servants, but when at home employed me continually about his own person. My sister, who was his mother's waiting maid, I saw more rarely. My mother was one of the most motherly, gentle creatures that ever lived, overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." Her master had given her to his wife as a nurse, when they first came to reside on the plantation, which was not until after they had been married several years. He had forbidden my mother, on pain of dreadful penalties ever to reveal the former connexion between them; a connexion which her dependent situation as a slave, had forced upon her in her youth, but which she had resolutely refused to continue, after she knew her Redeemer. She nursed seven of her mistress' children, all of whom died very young, except my young master; but this was not to be attributed to the want of kindness and care on the part of their nurse. But although her health had been lost in their service, yet as soon as my mother and myself gave symptoms of the terrible cholera, we were both banished to the hut for the sick. The plantation physician called on us once or twice,

and giving his opinion that our cases were hopeless, we were left to our fate. My mother was only thirty-five years old. She had been beautiful. I remember her when I was a little boy, in her plain Quaker dress, with her erect, graceful form, and her full, tender eyes, so ready to overflow with tears. She was as true a Christian as ever lived. I loved her infinitely ; to me she was everything. I have gone to her after being severely beaten, and have almost forgotten, while I heard her lovely, soothing voice, that I was a slave. But now the hour had come for me to lose this precious friend ; yet better far lose her thus than to have her sold away from me to work in the rice swamps, as was the mother of William Brown. I felt this a sad consolation as I watched the features of my dying mother. My tears fell upon her face.

“ Dear Gilbert,” said the ever sweet, but now failing voice, “ do not grieve. I know that my Redeemer liveth. My only grief has been to leave thee and thy sister ; but God has shown me that thou and Marian will not always be slaves. Be a diligent seeker for Christ. Comfort my poor Marian ; tell her not to mourn for me, for he is nigh who has redeemed me. Give her my blessing.”

Here her voice quite failed her, yet she raised her head and pressed her lips to mine. I folded her closer to my heart. The breath left her with that last kiss !

* * * * *

I went into the still night. Oh ! how still, how awfully still ! I knelt down beneath the spreading tree that overhung our hut. Now there was nobody left on earth to love me as my mother had. The years of her brief life of toil and slavery passed before me. I believed she was

happy. I implored the Almighty to suffer me to join her. I besought him to show me the way of life. I gave myself in solemn covenant to him. I confessed my sins from the depths of my breaking heart, and, oh my gracious God ! how soon the joy of pardon, the peace that passeth knowledge came flowing in. I knew not the Redeemer till then, although I had long prayed to know him. I rose from my knees ! Everything was changed ; that hut, that miserable hut, looked like heaven ; and the black, turbid river seemed to me like a stream of Paradise rolling on in celestial music. I entered the hut, and approached the bed ; with what different feelings I now gazed upon the beloved dead ! I longed for her to know my happiness. As I leaned silently over her, a supernatural light hung for one instant over the bed. For one instant I beheld my mother in such a glory, as I cannot describe ; she smiled upon me, and the vision was gone : but that smile was full of a new communion with me, the “ communion of saints.” I went to dig her grave ; and having performed the sad task, I prepared to bury the only parent that would own me as a child. It was early dawn. A spicy air came up from the woods. A faint tinge of rosy purple defined the wavy outlines of the dark hills. That mingling of dawning light with darkness, seemed at once to associate itself with the state of my soul, where the gloom of my mother’s death was illumined by the new dawn of an Eternal Day within me. I had just lowered my mother’s body into the grave, when I heard a sudden, painful cry, and looking up, I saw my sister Marian running towards me. “ Gibby, dear Gibby,” said she, “ Oh ! is mother dead ? Ah ! what shall we poor children do ? ”

I took her trembling hand, and leading her into the hut, sat down beside her. I then told her all about our mother's death ; and how the Lord Jesus had manifested himself to me as he does not to the world. I knew this would be choice comfort to her, who, though younger than myself, had long been in the liberty. But though she sympathized with me, still she looked thoughtful and anxious. I enquired if anything troubled her.

"Yes," said she, but I cannot stay now, for fear I shall be missed. Mistress returned late from a ball, so I stole away after she retired, to see dear mother and you ; but I must be quick and get back again. To-morrow night there is to be another great party, and all are going ; if I can, I will meet you here then."

With these words she left me, and I returned to cover with the cold sod, the precious body of my mother. While thus engaged, my young master appeared on horseback. He was on his way to join a hunting party.

"Oh ho, boy," said he, "what are you doing here?"

"Mother is dead," said I, mournfully.

"And you are better, I see," said he. "Show yourself quickly at the house."

And on he rode. Not one word of pity for me ; not one of regret for the woman who was far more a mother to him than the one who bore him.

CHAPTER II.

Gilbert sketches Characters.

THERE was, in my master's family, at that time, a nephew of my master's, who was also his ward. He was the only son and heir of a deceased sister of Mr. Livingston. She had married a wealthy English gentleman, who, after living many years on the Island of Cuba, removed to New Orleans a little before his death. He was a man of eccentric character, and, seeing his son disposed to extravagance and pleasure, he had, by will, conditionally trusted his son's estate to his uncle, for a term of years, curtailing him of all but a bare sufficiency, unless he regarded him as a guardian until the expiration of the time. He also gave Mr. Livingston power to control his son, in matrimonial affairs, during that period. Mr. Arthur St. Vallery was now twenty-two years of age, but he was still called Master Arthur, among the servants. He, like his father, was an original. He had a sort of careless, free, dashing manner, concealing real power of mind; and more sensibility than he cared to be thought to possess. A real shock of thick, curling dark hair was his, very irregularly kept, and thickly fringed eyelids, added to the expression of his remarkable eyes: eyes where the veil of the soul seemed half lifted, just to show you that there were mysteries within that soul yet unsolved, and not to be explored by vulgar eyes. Their color, a dark grey,

was relieved by a rich, changeful light. The face of this youth was altogether an enigma. He had been visitor at the plantation often, but who there understood him? We poor slaves only knew that of the two we liked him better than Master Sedley Livingston, my young master. There was also in the family another visitant, a niece of Madam Livingston's; Miss Lucina Woodville. Some of the slyer sort among the slaves remarked "that it was curious how Miss Woodville always happened to make her visits when Master Arthur was at Livingston Lawn." She was a very sentimental, pretty young lady; played the harp, professed religion, wrote poetry, rode on horseback, danced gracefully, and was considered quite "au fait."

* * * * *

There lived near the plantation, a strange old woman whom we all called Aunt Sybil. Her husband and herself had bought their freedom in their old age, and had a little home, about half a mile from their old one. Her husband was now dead. Whether Aunt Sybil really communicated with the invisible world or not, we will not pretend to determine; but she was very devout and spiritual, and withal, wore so naturally an air of mystery and marvel, that almost all the young folks about there, both colored and white, believed that if she would, she could tell them all about their future.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein the Narrator takes up the Story.

THE sun had gone down ; the last red glow of his departing light had faded from that melancholy stream of which I have spoken. The slaves were still to be seen toiling in the fields, while the happier beasts and birds went to their rest. Oh ! that slavery should ever mar the holy, quiet beauty of the early hour ! A glimmering light appeared in a rude habitation picturesquely situated in a notch of the hills, a little from the road. A gushing little waterfall tumbled near it and formed itself into a fairy lake, near the borders of the small domain. A heavy browed hill gloomed over the lone habitations, which at one side, opened into a deep green glen, beautifully skirted with majestic forest trees. The cleared and cultivated spot in the vicinity of the cottage, displayed a rich herb, and vegetable garden ; a beautiful patch of flowers ; a beehive, and a poultry yard, the riches of the thrifty inhabitant of the place. But the bees had ceased their hum ; the fowls were at roost in the great old trees ; the flowers had closed their fragrant bosoms. A large old sleepy dog, at once the friend and guardian of the solitary inhabitant of the hut, slept upon the broad, stone step. A tall slender mulatto youth, very light, and unusually handsome, came up the road, and reaching the hut, gave a low tap at the door.

“Come in, Jasmyn,” said a voice within ; and he entered, cautiously fastening the door behind him. Jasmyn was old Aunt Sybil’s grandson ; the son of her only child, Myra. Sybil had been the favorite slave of Mr. Livingston’s mother, who had given to her handsome grand-child this fanciful name. The name was happily chosen. It well suited the poetical soul and sweet nature of the gentle slave. He was meek, affectionate, intelligent and pious. Yet though a house slave and very docile, he was often severely whipped ; for tyrants ever most abuse meekness. Stimulated by this cruel treatment of her beloved grandson, poor old Sybil was working very hard, and half starving herself to purchase his freedom. He found his grandmother seated at her wheel. Old age sits kindly upon the African, if there has not been much harsh usage in previous life ; and old Sybil’s still erect and stately form was quite a contrast to the slight, graceful figure, of her descendant. She wore a scarlet turban about her head, and her coarse but clean blue dress was relieved by a cross-barred handkerchief of scarlet and white. The African skin has the advantage of the white in old age, in that it retains its pliancy and smoothness longer, and its dark color appears more healthy than the withered, dingy yellow of the skin of whites at the same age. Aunt Sybil, as she rose from her wheel, and came forward, presented a picture of healthful, though advanced, old age. There was an air of mystery in her searching eyes as she looked upon you, and whether she had or had not, explored “the dreamy vast where spirits dwell,” there was a sort of elevating fascination about her, which made that old hut a very different place from common abode ; and that curious

old dog of her's as much a theme of superstitious speculation among the slaves, and excited as much veneration as Sybil herself. But in whatever of mystery Sybil might enwrap herself to others, to Jasmyn she was all mother.

"Good morning, grandmother," said he, in a more sorrowful tone of voice than usual.

"Good morning, Jasmyn; but how ill you look; you are ready to sink down."

"O! I am very well."

"Ah, don't think to hide it from me; ye need not think to hide anything from me; you are heart sick, and soul sick, and body sick." So saying, she took hold of his hot and trembling hands; the poor lad, unable to contain any longer, burst into tears. "Don't take on, my child, think how soon you will be free, and cheer up, my lamb."

"Ah, mother! mother! My heart is broken. I shall never live to be free."

"Jasmyn, that cruel wretch, Master Sedley, has been beating you again, and all because Marian loves you so dearly."

"Who told you about it?"

"Don't believe you can hide anything from me. I saw it all, as I sat alone by the stream; O! what a moaning; O! what a groaning sound, just like your voice, my poor boy. I saw blood on the stream, and your mother stood before me in the low mist, and waved her shadowy hands, and cried: "wo! wo to the wicked! a woe that hath wings!" True you were half a mile off, but I knew what was going on. But cheer up, my poor boy; let me wash your back with this oil, the old Indian woman gave me. She said it was a charmed oil.

Tenderly she removed his dress, and lifting up her hands at the sight his back presented, she exclaimed, "Oh God ! when will thine hour come." Then the poor creature bathed the gory traces of the lash both with the oil, and her fast flowing tears : all the while trying to comfort her darling grandson with the prospect of soon being free ; but she had not finished her kind task ere quick footsteps were heard approaching.

"There," said she to Jasmyn, "go quick into the bedroom, and lie down on the bed."

She had hardly closed the bed-room door, when another tap came. She withdrew the bolt, opened the door and stepped back surprised.

"Is it Master Arthur ?" said she.

"Yes ; glad to find you alone. Now fasten the door, for I do not mean that any one shall know that I am here. Uncle and aunt think I am very sick in my room."

"And what for lie to them, Master Arthur ?"

"Because they wanted me to go to the Evans', to the ball, and I did not mean to, that's all."

"Not want to go, Master Arthur, when Miss Lucina is there ?"

"That's the very reason I won't go, and you know that very well, you cunning old fox ; for the devil or somebody like him, tells you everything that is going on up at the house. But mum," said he, drawing up closer and lowering his voice, "you don't know quite all. I love somebody else, and you must help me out : that is what I have come for to-night."

"What can poor Sybil do for a grand gentleman like you,"

“Everything. But you must swear secresy on the Bible, for if you breathe the least word, by everything great and good, you shall repent it.”

“Master Arthur,” said Sybil, now drawing herself to the full height of her imposing stature, “ye need not to think to frighten a woman whom neither the living nor the dead can terrify. Alone, here, in the stormy night, I hear voices that are more than yours, Master Arthur; and I see powerful ones that do not make Sybil’s heart move one bit quicker. I am not afraid of mortal man, Master Arthur.”

Her young guest felt the power of her natural majesty, and, white man as he was, and in the strength of his youth, he cowered before her; but he knew her weak point, and said in a more soothing voice :

“But mother Sybil you care for Jasmyn?”

“Ah! my poor Jasmyn, would to God he was free!”

“Well, Sybil, if you will do as I wish I can bring that about, and I promise you I will accomplish it.”

“I would do much for that, Master Arthur, but never swear on this book; it is too much like making an agreement with the Evil One.”

“Some say,” said Arthur, “you did that long ago, mam.”

“Because they think I cannot get the same knowledge in a better way, which some folks seek to gain through the wicked spirits. No, master, that not like me; God and good spirits show me great things. I see and I foresee. I knew you would come and see me before long. Did’nt I hear the tramp of your horse’s feet, you’ve left hitched a bit down the road! did’nt I hear it as I stood at

my wheel to-day ? and did'nt a warning cry come before me and behind me, that made my blood shiver. "Beware, beware ! a snare, a snare."

"Now, mam, I suppose all you say is as true as the Book ; but besides being a Seeress, Mother Sybil, you have a deal of good sharp mother wit about you ; hear me then ; I am in love to desperation, and you must help me. You know well what influence you have with many young folks."

"But, Master Arthur is not in love with that sort ; he wants some grand, pretty lady, and how in the world can I help him ? maybe 'tis Miss Lucina."

"No, no, nor half a dozen like her. I love a quadroon girl."

"You need not come to me with any of your wicked love, Master Arthur. I am a Christian, and God forbid I should help you out in such a thing."

"But, mammy, why need it be a wicked love ?"

"Because you could have no other for a poor, despised quadroon ; you know it, Master Arthur, you know it."

"On my life I have never thought a moment about its being wicked or good. I only know I love her, and why so scrupulous ? You know slaves have no real marriages."

"Master Arthur," replied Sybil, "the poor slave's not suffered to do God's will, only master's will ; he marry us his fashion ; but, as soon as we free, then we marry in God's true holy way."

No use talking all this nonsense, Sybil. I am in love, and you must help me out."

"Who do you love ?" said Sybil, a sudden glimpse of the truth flashing across her mind.

"I love Marian, my aunt's beautiful waiting girl. I dare not speak to her, nor hardly look at her, but by stealth, for there is Sedley, his mother's idol, has marked her out for himself. Aunt Livingston, who denies him nothing, winks at the thing. Sedley is furiously jealous. He beat your poor Jasmyn to-day, severely, pretending it was for some negligence, but I watched the whole humor of the affair, and it was only because the poor boy gave Marian a flower or two, a mere act of common gallantry. Who could help it to such a creature !"

Sybil felt secretly glad to find from Arthur's manner of speaking of the transaction, that naturally unsuspicious, he had not detected the secret, serious attachment, between Marian and Jasmyn, (which was, by the bye, a love as true as ever touched the finer sensibilities of two youthful hearts, slaves as they were.)

Master Arthur, though shrewd, was more careless than prying, unlike his suspicious cousin, who was always on the alert, and though affecting the gentleman among his equals, was not ashamed to use the meanest artifice among his dependents. Arthur was above this ; he was earnest, daring and sanguine, the master passion absorbed all others. He could only think of that. Sybil was growing uneasy, lest he should detect the prisoner *pro tem.*, in the bedroom, and was casting about what she should do, when voices of persons approaching the house, were heard.

"Where will you conceal me ?" said Arthur, "I must not be seen in this place ; let me go in here," said he, with his hand on the latch of the bedroom door.

"No, no," said Sybil, much alarmed, but not a whit betraying it ; "my dog has gone in there, and he is sav-

age if you wake him at night ; but go out this way," said she, opening a back door, "and if you please, Master, come again in an hour or so, and I shall be alone."

"I'll warrant somebody come to see our Sybil as a Sybil," soliloquized Arthur, as he went off chagrined, "uncle is so severe in some things, and so loose in others. I'll warrant half the guard, and the overseer in the bargain, are drunk. Wonder when I can catch this strange old Sybil alone, for she is the one Marian looks up to for advice and direction, and bribed she must be," said he, mounting his horse and riding off towards the house. Sybil, after he was gone, cautiously opened the bedroom door ; but she found it empty ; the bird had flown. At the first sound of Master Arthur's voice, poor Jasmyn had got out of the window, and crawled home as well as his soreness would permit. Jasmyn loved Marian from a child ; but when little Marian was advanced to the dignity of lady's waiting maid, she was no more allowed to be with him. A slave's feelings are little noticed, or if noticed, little cared for, so that nobody observed their love, save the jealous, sharp-sighted heir of the Livingstons. These human chattels are usually regarded as a sort of animate automata, to be simply subservient to their masters' will. Jasmyn was a house servant, but, as we have said, severely used. He had been, of late, closely watched by Sedley. That day, as he was carrying a basket of flowers across the hall, he had ventured, as he thought unperceived, to give his dear Marian a few wild roses and violets, he had gathered. Sedley saw him, however, and saw the look too, with which he presented them. As soon as possible after the discovery, he made a pretext to chas-

tise him with his own hand, without mercy, saying to him as he stole away weak and bleeding, from the scene of his torture, "Be careful next time, rascal, who you give flowers to." Poor Jasmyn hurried to his grandmother's; what there took place, the reader knows, but is not yet aware whose were the voices, that had caused Master Arthur to depart so opportunely.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Gilbert again tells his own story.

“Is it Marian and Gilbert?” said Sybil, as she cautiously opened the door of her hut, partially discerning us by the moonlight.

“Yes, it is indeed, Mother Sybil,” said I, “we have come to see you awhile.”

“Ye are welcome, ye are welcome, children, but it will not do for you to stay long now, for somebody will be here in an hour, you will not care to meet.”

“But what is that on the floor, near the back door,” said Marian, as the broad moon-light now fell on the floor, supplying what was lacking in Sybil’s fading torch. “It is a letter,” said she, stepping forward and picking it up. As Marian held the letter to the light, I looked over her shoulder and said, “It is Master Arthur’s hand. So it is he that has been here to-night?”

“Yes,” said Sybil, “but don’t breathe it, if you do not want to make trouble for me, children.”

“This is an unsealed letter,” said Marian, “I should like to read it, if it is right.”

“And I shall think it is right, sister,” said I, “after what you have told me to-night, and thank God that I can read it.”

“No,” said Sybil, “don’t read it, for God’s love, good Gibby; for Master Arthur will be back soon, and will put

it to me to know if any one has read his letter, and if I lie, the angels will leave me ; I shall no more dare to see the good hermit of the mountains : and above all, the Saviour will hide his face from my prayers for poor Jasmyn."

"But I must read it," said I ; "I will read it, and throw it down again just there by the old mat, where we picked it up, and when he comes in let him find it, you are not obliged then to know anything about it."

If the reader, from this occurrence, pharasaically congratulates himself that he is a more conscientious Christian than I was, I can say in defence of myself, I was naturally inclined to great fairness, but slavery forced deception upon me. What had I to oppose to their terror, and power, but my mother wit ?

In this particular case, I was certainly justified. The fate of my only bosom friend, my sister, hung in the scales, and I am sure, when the candid reader peruses the history of our interview, previous to our visit to Sybil's hut, he will acquit me. If any do not like me, however, let them leave me here, for they are about to read the adventures of a mortal man, and of other mortals like himself ; not the ideal of a novelist, or one of those biographies, which deify poor fallible men and women, so that the simple scriptural account of ancient worthies, with all their human faults, as well as heavenly virtues about them, looks imperfect, and inferior beside them. The reader will hear of poor uneducated or self-educated slaves, not the enlightened christians who enslave them. They must not then be squeamish, if the hero and heroines of this simple history do not come up quite square with those rigid rules by which they judge others. The letter of Master Arthur,

which I thus clandestinely read, was as follows, being addressed to one of his college friends :

My Dear Louis :—There is a wonderful beauty here at Livingston Lawn, but she is a quadroon, and to my infinite vexation, is waiting maid to my aunt. Now for a picture. Imagine, then, one of the finest specimens of Grecian art, animated by the pure, glowing life of fifteen summers. I would not change the rose-tinted olive of her complexion, for that of the fairest Caucasian this side of Georgia. It suits better her large, soft, gazelle-like eyes, and so sets off the pearly teeth and the roseate lips. She has a peculiar, unstudied grace in knotting carelessly back, her raven curls, so as to show the delicate contour of her face and head. You must know that I am not allowed even to look at this peerless nymph. I have been tempted to anathemize the manes of my father, for giving me over to these Livingstons, for some years beyond my natural minority. Forsooth, he said he saw no signs of my coming to years of discretion, before thirty, if I did then ; that I had fairly spent an estate in college, and he meant to give me full time to sow my wild oats, before I came into the blessed fruition of heirship. So you perceive, my dear fellow, I have many years of probation before me under the oversight of these honorable relatives of mine. These Livingstons, more especially Madam, have, in their wisdom and providence, selected a wife for me, and of course, just precisely such a one as I won't have. And yet she is pretty, wealthy and accomplished ; but stop, I'll give you her picture also. There are millions of others just like her, knowing nothing and indifferent to everything, but just the contracted sphere in which they move.

The other day she and I were walking about the plantation ; accidentally we blundered on a part of the grounds where an overseer was chastising a negro. I have lived most of my life near such scenes, but somehow, cannot get used to it ; so, as I was for steering away,—

“ Dear me,” said she, “ do not go through the dewy grass ; I shall draggle my dress.”

“ I don’t like to hear poor Bill’s cries,” said I.

“ Why so ?” said she, “ I presume the boy deserves his punishment.”

God save me from a woman that has no more sensibility ; well, her feelings are just of this stamp, all of them ; all cramped up within conventional rules. What could I do with such a creature ? Why, there is more innate freedom in one look of the slave Marian, than ever Lucina Woodville dreamed of ! Then she is one of those fine, fashionable saints, and I tell you the truth, my good fellow, I had rather see a regular sinner any time. If this religion they make such a fuss about, is any thing, it is everything, and not the solemn farce which some would make it ; but you understand, this creature has no life at all, out of a particular sphere. She was converted, or thought she was, during a state of excitement in her father’s church. If she ever had any grace, as they call it, it has all settled down into a set of formalities coldly observed. She goes to our dancing parties, but contrives to have it given out that she dances to please her aunt. However, she is an extremely graceful dancer, and both sings and plays well. Her talk is made up of fashionable gossip, and fashions, and fashionable literature, with now and then, more especially when any of the godly sort are present, a slight sprinkling

about Sabbath schools, sermons, and et cetera. She is the last wife for my taste, any how. She is of a medium size, pretty pink cheeks, blue eyes, black hair, and is as neat and trim as you could wish. I am somewhat accurate in my description, because as she has money, and you are in sad need of it, you might take her out of my way ; especially as you are not very particular who the wife is, if she has the desirable Mammon. If you fancy this speculation; and will go into it, as soon as my long minority is over, I will give you a cool thousand. Your personal recommendations are unexceptionable, of which, my dear fellow, you are very well aware. Then you have some reversionary expectations, unless your stories of the Estate in Chancery, and the rich maiden Aunt, are fabulous. I have only one temptation to try the thing myself, which is, that my guardian has it in his power, if he pleases, to shorten my probation. As he receives handsome compensation as guardian, nothing would induce him to relinquish it, but, perchance, marrying agreeably to his wishes. This is the only bait likely to catch me. But to return to Marian, do not think I mean to marry her. No, there is a conventional toleration of another sort of connexion, which answers all the purposes of a papal indulgence. Having had this very desirable modern standard of faith fully inculcated to me, I have no desire to run counter to it, and thus Marian shall be mine. There is a sort of old Sybil, half a mile from here, a rare old christian, and by a happy hit, her name agrees to her character, for her name is Sybil. And a fine old study she is, too. A sort of natural magnetizer, psychologist, spirit scer, &c. She has an unbounded influence over the young; to her I am

purposing to wend my way to-night, while my dear uncle and aunt, and pretty Miss Lucina, think me sick in bed. I took some medicine on purpose, chalked up a little, and with a little groaning and complaining, got off from a dull party at the Evans'. Think what a time I have ! uncle and aunt, and Sedley to watch me ! Sedley, who is running through Satan's initiatory degrees as rapidly as could be wished, having himself selected my "bright, peculiar star," as an object worthy of his devotions. And the father and mother, dead bent to marry me to Lucina. Besides all this, I have a greater obstacle ; Marian has a brother, hight Gibby, whose love for his sister is wonderful. This Gibby is a very quick-witted, intelligent fellow, body-servant to cousin Sedley. I don't think all the legions of Beelzebub, could hold him a slave one hour, if it were not that it is impossible to get his sister off, with him. But if his master or mistress, ever take the twain on any of their northern journeys, they will surely be off."

Thank you, for the hint, I exclaimed, as I closed the letter, (for all that remained to be read, was an assurance to his friend, that he would continue his letter next day, after he had consulted the Sybil.)

The letter we had read, overwhelmed my sister and myself, with thoughts and feelings, which neither of us felt free to express to any one but each other ; and as Sybil was expecting Arthur's return, we soon took our leave. Sybil afterwards gave us a particular relation of all that transpired between her and Master Arthur.

She said we had not been gone many moments before Master Arthur approached the hut. He looked in at the window, and, seeing Sybil alone, came in regardless of the

low growl of Scipio ; so called by Sybil in memory of her husband, and in whose shape some of the slaves asserted that her husband still guarded his beloved Sybil.

“ I have lost a letter,” said Master Arthur, “ I would not have it fall into any one’s hands for thousands. I think I must have dropped it in here. Now try your powers, Syb., and if you are anything of a witch or a prophetess, you can find it for me : and if you do, your fee shall be this dollar.”

“ Master Arthur,” said Sybil, “ you never did believe I could see into things, but I can, Master Arthur.”

“ Well, Mum, if you will only find my letter, I promise to be a full believer in your powers ever after.”

“ Scipio,” said Sybil to her dog, “ go look around the room, and see if you can find Master Arthur’s letter.” The dog rose reluctantly, shook his heavy mane, and went slowly nosing about the floor. Presently he stopped by the mat, picked up the letter, and carrying it in his mouth to Arthur, laid it on his lap.

“ Well done,” said Arthur, handing the dollar to Sybil, “ you out-do the Fakir of Ava. And now,” said he, “ if you will only be as powerful over Marian, and win her smiles for me, Jasmyn shall be free. Come, promise to do your best for me, and if I can plan the thing safely, let us have a meeting here, soon.”

Sybil knew it was better to seem to yield, and she said “ as you please, Master.”

“ Good Sybil,” said he, “ thank you ; I shall rely on your services, to do your best for me. I must return immediately, or I shall meet the folks returning from the ball.”

Sybil sat awhile ruminating, and then exclaimed "yes, I will do my best for you, to keep you from sinking your poor soul deep in hell, by ruining such a holy young maiden as Marian ! Aye, she is a slave, a poor mulatto slave. You would sooner marry the white devil, that haunts round our old overseer's grave, than Marian, though she had the soul of a heavenly angel. Ah ! wicked ones, you can range your whole plantation, but nothing will do, but you must have my poor Jasmyn's pet lamb. You would kill poor Sybil, soul and body to get her ; you would kill Jasmyn, to get her, and Gibby too, but I will do my best for you, Master Arthur. My wisdom is not enough ; I must see the old man of the mountain, though it is a long, rough journey for me." Then bidding Scipio lie quietly, and watch her, she prayed fervently, and lying down on her humble bed, was soon asleep.

CHAPTER V.

In which Gilbert relates his visit to the hut for the sick.

On the evening when the aforesaid scenes took place in Sybil's cottage, I asked permission to go to the hut for the sick, to burn up the straw my poor mother had lain upon, clean and fumigate the house, and get it in order for the next slave who should be sick. I was allowed to go; and having performed my task, I sat down in full sight of the new made grave of my mother, awaiting the arrival of my dear sister, somewhat anxiously, at first, because my time was limited. Remembering, however, that our patrol were careless, oft-times, I grew calmer, and insensibly the sweet feelings were again renewed, which I had first experienced on this sacred spot. My heavenly joys, the dew of my spiritual youth, was fresh upon me. I was never weary of drinking in the divine influence, that seemed to rain upon me, from the still, eloquent heavens, those old, everlasting hills, and the dark forest, and all around me. As I mused, a trance-like sleep stole over me; the scene before me seemed changed to Calvary. I saw three crosses, and on them three men suffered unto death. But the one in the midst—oh! there was more than man can think, of love and suffering! "*That was the visage more marred than any of the sons of men*". It was love's extremity! An infinite God could do no more to declare boundless love, than this. As I gazed, I felt very much

humbled and awed at the sight. My sins looked greater than the Universe. These had brought him there, to become my Savior. The vision slowly passed away, and I had a view of my mother's spirit. Joy and love flowed from her eyes. "Dear son," said she, "hold fast that thou hast,—let no man take thy crown." She then passed away with a wonderful melting of music, through the air, and I awoke. Marian was beside me. I would not disturb you, said she, you looked so happy. I took her hand, led her into the hut, and we prayed together. Oh, how sweet it was to pray here alone, with that dear sister, now one with me in Christ! I then said, tell me now, Marian, what troubles you.

"Ah, Gibby," said she, how often mother told us, when we were children, we knew not yet the bitterness of being slaves! how she would cry over us! She said we must get into the love of Jesus, or we could never bear it. I have found it true, lately. Gibby, you know Jasmyn and I were brought up together; when we were little children we loved to be together. As we grew older, we sought God together, we found peace together, we have always been as one; and, Gibby dear, I love Jasmyn, and I know he loves me dearly well. I have been happy, till lately, in believing God would open our way for us; but for some time now, that wicked Sedley has persecuted me every chance he has, with his wicked love. Poor Jasmyn found a chance, as he thought unobserved, to give me a sweet, sweet bunch of wild flowers; but Master Sedley saw him, and soon made an excuse to whip him. I can hear his screams now! God forgive me. I was tempted to curse him. Jasmyn suffers only for loving me."

With these words, she burst into a passion of tears, sobbing out, "now I know the bitterness of being a slave." Alas ! what could I say or do to control the violence of her grief ! Even those religious feelings, which were inwoven with the earliest growth of her gentle spirit, only increased her distress, for they caused her to look with more horror on him, who would violate her purity. I was almost tempted to risk everything and fly with her from the scene of her dangers, but I well knew there was no chance for us at that time. I trembled, when I thought of her perilous situation. Madam Livingston I knew almost worshiped Sedley ; although she would not directly favor his criminal views, she would not oppose them. I also knew what she did not know, that her son and Marian were half brother and sister. This knowledge, I now felt it necessary to communicate to my sister, under strong injunctions of secrecy. She heard it with deep emotion.

"I have longed in my heart," said she, "to see my father, and to know him, and now, dear God help me ! I know him but to know he is my tyrant and my master."

This, thought I, is Slavery. Oh, Slavery, accursed Sorceress, who transformest the parent's heart into a tiger's—who panderst the blessed ties of nature, to beastiality and cruel covetousness ; where is there a fiercer fury than thou art ! The lashes of millions of scourges dropping human flesh and gore from thy snaky locks. Ravening fires of the pit burn in thine eyes, ever insatiable, ever watching for the prey. Yet to thee, ten millions of white freemen conspire to offer up human sacrifices. For thee they send out their armies to unjust conquests ; and burning villages, ravished virgins and infants scream-

ing in the flames, attest the reality of their devotion to thee ; while Jehovah is dishonored by mixing these horrid rites with the worship of the God of love.

* * * * *

From my position as Master Sedley's body servant, I knew him perfectly. His position as the only son of a large slaveholder, conspiring with a cold, selfish, imperious temper, had made him a heartless tyrant.

I had, however, a greater object of dread in the more shrewd Master Arthur, who was a youth of great determination and perseverance. Notwithstanding all his management, I had seen enough to convince me that my sister was, if possible, more in danger from him than his cousin. I told Marian my fears.

"I did not like to speak of him," said she, for fear you should think there might be something in my ways not right, for me to draw the notice of both these, but I am very careful ; yet every opportunity Master Arthur has, which is not often, he will be saying something, or offering me some little present ; but let us now go to Aunt Sybil's, she knows so much perhaps she can advise us what to do."

"I will go with you," said I, "but I caution you not to trust her, or any one too much. From this hour, I promise you, here by this dear grave, I will study some way for us to escape from our tyrants." So saying, we turned towards Sybil's cottage. What there took place, the reader knows. As I tossed that night on my miserable bed, I saw my sister helpless before me, surrounded by dangers from which I could not save her, and I felt the bitterness of slavery.

CHAPTER VI.

Most a chapter of observations and reflections, from Gilbert.

Sybil's hut was the scene of a variety of meetings. Mr. Livingston was not uniform in his discipline, but in some respects the economy of his plantation was very rigorous, in others, unusually lax. He trusted his affairs mostly to his subordinates, being himself engrossed in politics, literature and pleasures. He permitted one meeting at Sybil's, on condition we were all in at an early hour. There was an old standing regulation, that there must always be one or more white persons present, from the plantation family, but this was little attended to. The religious part of our number, had our regular religious meetings, at Sybil's house, but we had secret meetings where we talked of other things.

It was a time of great but secret excitement among the slaves. The hope of one day obtaining our freedom, had been increasing in our breasts. The rumor of those men who were "turning the world upside down," in their contention with the rulers of the darkness of this world, had reached us in the old Dominion. The very earnestness of our masters to persuade us that these men were our enemies, only strengthened our faith in them. I speak now of the more intelligent among us, and those were usually the most religious, for, mark it where you will, when a man becomes a Christian, he becomes a man in every respect.

No man is truly a freeman, till Christ has made him free. The invisible thrall which holds the spirit, is broken only by Jesus. He that has known this, can rejoice in this truth. Let Slave-holders dream as they will, the germ of Liberty is deeply sown among their best slaves, and the more they seek to crush it, the more it will grow.

Mr. Livingston often gave entertainments to the gentry around, and standing behind my half brother's chair, I often heard with swelling heart, and burning cheek, of the triumphs of southern policy and the extension of Slavery. I remember one day the great man dined with us, who lived and died the bulwark of southern Slavery, and yet professed himself a believer in Him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor, and deliverance to the captives. (Let no man say it was the spiritual captives, and the Spiritual poor only, for I will refute them with the words of the Apostle: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, &c.") I will refute them with the acts of Christ: did he give sight only to the spiritually blind? did he give hearing only to the spiritually deaf? nay, for he is the "Saviour of the body," as well as of the soul. He says, the Kings of the earth exercise authority over each other, but we must be equals.") I would to God, this great opposer had known the Lord; far better would it have been for him in that day when it shall be said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The next evening after the eventful visit to the hut, was the time for the usual weekly meeting at Sybil's. These were the only religious meetings we really enjoyed. We

had very little elsewhere addressed to us in true sympathy with our condition. Jesus Christ, in pity to his poor, despised sheep, often speaks to them in open vision. Many think these visions are all superstitious delusions. Sometimes they may be, but I believe that God does communicate himself marvellously to them ; the child-like spirit of their faith, causing them to see what unbelief hides from other eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

Sybil's Journey.

There was a mysterious personage living at some little distance, of whom the older slaves told marvellous stories. Sight of this being had been gained by one or two favored ones. Some totally disbelieved in the existence of such a person, and laughed at the more credulous. Many thought or hoped that he was an angel sent from God, to deliver the slaves. Some believed him a wizard ; others, that it was Lucifer himself. Sybil, it was thought, knew more about him than any one else, and she esteemed him a supernatural, but benevolent being. Long before the purple dawn tinged the east, Sybil arose, and putting a little dried fruit, cheese and bread into a basket, set off on her journey to the old man of the mountains. Noon saw her near the place of her destination. She had passed through a thick forest and now came out on the wild and rocky banks of a stream, whose waves washed the shore with a melancholy yet soothing sound. Towards a rough eminence, that jutted out over the water, Sybil now took her way, and ascended the acclivity a little way, to where a clump of trees, round which a vine draped its foliage, effectually screened a small fissure in the ascent. This was the entrance to a cave. Sybil entered, ejaculating a prayer as she went in. All was darkness in her progress down the opening for a few moments : at length she came

out into a lofty cavern. Broken chasms high in the rock, let in the light, and through them, if you clambered up the steep sides of the cave, might be seen the stream from the mountains, and there you ever heard the unceasing voice of its waves, as they greeted the shore.

Sybil was greatly disappointed to find the inhabitant of the cavern absent ; but it would seem he had not long been away, for a large ancient Bible lay on a table hewn out of the solid rock ; one or two other volumes lay beside it. On another slab of stone, was a wooden plate, bowl and spoon. A homely bed of dried leaves formed the resting place of the anchorite. Long strings of dried fruit and herbs hung upon the sides of the cavern, and a bag or two of parched corn made up the stores of the old man of the mountain. There was an old high-backed chair, and a rude seat made of a board supported by large stones. A dark heavy curtain veiled something in the corner.

Sybil was for the first time alone here ; but in former visits her curiosity had often been awakened about the veiled corner ; yet now, though alone, her reverence would not allow her to raise the curtain. Much wearied with her journey, she sat down in the old chair, and refreshed herself with the little stores in her basket, gazing about, the while, as if she enjoyed being in this strange abode. She had not been seated long before, through weariness, she fell asleep. All at once, to her, the cavern seemed to fill with transparent light, and she beheld a black man, of Titanic stature, around whom twined a huge serpent. The man writhed and grew weak as the serpent coiled around him and darted out his flaming, forked tongue, on which was written, in deadly venom, these

words, "Fugitive Slave Law." Sybil heard many voices out of Heaven, "Save him;" and many shrieks from fiends, "Crush him;" but still the serpent wound his coil; and Sybil cried out, "Just God! wilt thou not save him!"

She looked, and lo, an infant of perfect beauty came out of a star in the east, and it came near where the man was struggling in the mighty coil of the Serpent, and laid its tiny hands on its voluminous folds; and the serpent hissed, but had no power to fear down the bold, though harmless child, who began to unwind the death-folds, and lo! the hands, so delicate, at first, waxed stronger with every fold he unwound! Then the vexed serpent lashed his tail and hissed; and his eyes glared, and he threw out his forked tongue. But the Holy Infant feared not the venom, and shrunk not from the threatening glare of the serpent's eye; nor did he quiver to see his fearful convulsions that shook the earth! One by one, the coils unwound, and the more desperately raged the foe, till at last the whole huge volume of folds fell, and the monster laid dead at the feet of the brave child, and the black man shouted, I am Free! and the highest Heaven re-echoed, thou art Free! and amidst the voices of a multitude in praise, Sybil awoke. The old man of the mountains had returned, and his eyes—those spirit-like eyes—greeted her as she awoke, trembling by reason of the greatness of that vision. And he said to her, "thy vision was dreadful, but refreshing in its end, was it not, Sybil?" But Sybil said, "'tis sweet to dream, but wo to wake;" and she wrung her hands and said, "tell me! tell me! what will become of the three millions of God's enslaved children?" And the old man covered his wonderful eyes

awhile, and reclined along his couch, as musing, and Sybil still wrung her hands and cried, "what shall be their fate?" And the old man said, "cheer thy heart, Sybil, I see a beautiful prospect for the children of thy people." Then he arose and passed his hand over the burning brow of old Sybil, and reverently smoothed back her white hair, and she grew calmer in a moment or two, and said, "I came here for advice." "I know all," said the hermit. "Last night, I sat alone, on the shore, in deep prayer,—for I know that an angry cloud is gathering over all flesh!—sleep came over me, and as I slept, I dreamed, and I saw in my dream a large hollow place, and a black cow there, who seemed in great distress. As I stood on the verge of the hollow, it was said to me, 'the black cow is confined; there is a heavy fine on any one who shall release her, or ever feed her, or give her drink, and she is in the desperation of hunger and thirst.' I saw her incessantly run up the sides of the hollow to escape, but all in vain. She was forced back again, bellowing with the fierce anguish, and I exclaimed: Oh! God, what no relief, not a crumb of bread, not a drop of water. There comes a time when they who have done this, shall ask in vain for mercy; 'for he shall have judgment without mercy, who hath shown no mercy.' Then said I, I will go among the multitude, and see if she can be delivered from this inhuman law; for oh! God, she perishes before our human eyes. The poor creature rushed up again, but when she heard the voice of my words, she stopped again and lowed meekly. Then the vision passed away and I saw not the end, but the tears were hot in my eyes, and it was said to me, 'Look again.' I looked, and behold!

a fair large field, and a mansion wherein dwelt a noble woman and her family. I saw also a beast of burthen of great growth. It had a keeper, who laid upon it intolerable loads, and at length with barbarous goading drove it to desperation, and it broke loose, and walked into the womens' demesne and lo that seeming beast of burthen was transformed into a man of gigantic stature. He became powerful and terrible. Then the woman said, 'thou wilt not harm me or my children, for we have ever been thy friends.' As she spake, the terror of his dark countenance went off, like the appearance of thunder from a summer's day, and the vision passed away. Then was the meaning of the vision made known to me. The black cow in the hollow, is the type of the Enslaved People, and she is a just emblem of their domestic servitude, their usefulness, docility, and the natural mildness of their race. There cometh forth from the unjust rulers, a cruel enactment, to make more hopeless and desperate the poor slave, and to cut him off in his flight from bondage. Yet the multitude shall be moved thereat, and shall hear the voice of God's mercy through man. Thou sawest not the end, and the end is not yet, but the time is at hand, when the slave shall be free. The second vision is like unto the first; the Jezebel, Slavery, hath transformed men into beasts by her witchcrafts. The time hastens, yea, it now is, when these beasts of burthen shall be driven into the fold of a royal woman, and there shall they assume their manhood, and shall become formidable; yet in gratitude to her and her children*, shall they grow into the calm

* These two last were actually dreamed.

beauty of a peaceful freedom, and forbear violence in her borders."

Sybil heard the words of the old man with reverent attention and faith. "Thank God," said she, clasping her hands with energy, "there yet is hope. Now tell me what you know of my errand to you to-day, for you say you know all."

"I will tell you; this morning ere the morning star touched with her rays the tops of the mountain, I arose and went forth to the shore, where in a vision, an Angel stood by my side. Among the 'Enslaved Race,' said he, (now the peculiar care of Heaven) "there is a maiden greatly beloved for her purity, and holiness. There are few of the daughters of men, so free from guile. I am her Guardian Angel. To-morrow, Sybil will visit thee. Tell her to bid Marian go, on the Sabbath-day, to the water-fall by the glen, beyond Sybil's dwelling, called by some the Haunted Glen, and there shall she hear the oracle of her destiny. So the vision left me, and I returned into the cave, but being exhausted with the vision, I again threw myself on the bed to rest awhile. Soon I fell asleep and in my dream I saw a beautiful damsel; her skin was as amber, for clearness; her eyes were as the new-born flowers of the morning, breathing out their fragrant soul through their beauty. Her smile was still, and sweet as the repose of an angel. Three youths I saw, who looked upon her with love; two were of the tyrant-race, and the blood of the oppressor ran proudly in their veins. These looked upon her as the wolf looks upon the young and timid lamb, or the vulture on the meek and delicate dove. The third youth was like herself, of the mingled race: the

fullness of whose soul is yet hidden in the light and tender bud. His love is the fruitage of Eden, growing over her closed walls, and reaching down to exiled man, pure and refreshing. It is the love of Genius, baptized by affection. This young slave who, looking on Marian, sees his heart's ideal of freedom, love and purity, manifested in her, determines nothing, plans nothing, as yet; only loves. He has only yet become a man so far as to feel himself a slave. I am not permitted, oh Sybil, as yet, to see Marian's fate; but as thou lovest and fearest the Lord of Heaven, Earth and Hell, be not bribed, to give her aught, or throw the soothing spell, or do anything that shall blacken thy soul in the day of Eternity. A day of trial is at hand for thee. Go home; watch and be prayerful; yea, hasten home," said he, placing his hand on her head, in token of benediction. "Go and refresh the souls of the disciples, with hope sweet, though distant. Fear not, thou shall be holpen on thy way."

Sybil asserts that, on her way, becoming weary, she fell asleep under a tree, and when she awoke, she was in another place, far on her journey, so that she reached home, at early evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Gilbert describes a prayer meeting.

It was the old fashioned religion, such as Paul and Silas had, such as the Ethiopian eunuch had, such as the three worthies in the Furnace had ; the religion which has had a hard time of it upon this earth, from the days of righteous Abel until now : the true religion of Jesus Christ, which drew together to poor Sybil's hut, a little handful of God's "bruised wheat," his oppressed and much despised poor. Glad were they to turn from the contempt and cruelty of man, to the loving kindness of the Beloved of souls ! If this religion were not a reality, I should not want to be a reality myself. Slavery is the greatest of earthly curses ; but if I must choose between liberty without a Saviour and slavery with him, I should say give me Jesus in this hell of slavery, rather than the heaven of freedom without him.

* * * * *

Again the glorious, full-orbed moon rose in majesty over the superb old forest trees that skirted the lone glen ; again the waterfall glittered in her light, as we came in sight of Sybil's hut. Poor harassed slaves were we ; yet we felt that we were going to ask and receive a draught from the well-spring of eternal life. What though, to a higher civilization, our worship might look ungainly and rudely enthusiastic ? We were owned by him whom we

sought. The rich have much of the bread of this life ; the godly poor have an abundance of "that bread which cometh down from heaven." As we, in our need, seek unto them for that in which they most abound, so it is often the case that a spiritually hungry rich person, gets his soul well feasted with heavenly manna in the humble gatherings of the poor. When we reached the hut, we found Sybil, who had just arrived. The little hut was soon in order, and the rustic benches soon occupied. There was an old man, a kind of elder among us, whose name was James. We called him Elder James. He was a man of great power in God, and the sound of his voice was like the voice of a trumpet. He was often mighty in prayer. When all were assembled that night, he commenced thus : " Lord God ! we have not come here to-night to mock thee with form-worship. We come to ask of thee the loving forgiveness of our sins for Christ's sake ; and oh ! thou who wast once a sufferer like us, and for us, give thy poor slave children to-night, a foretaste of glory. Yes, glory, my God ! right down from the eternal throne. Glory, my dear Saviour God, we must ask to-night in thy own dear name. See how poor we are ; see how bruised and beaten we are, we poor slaves. Come down in our midst, dear Jesus ; break our souls' chains to-night ; make us forget our stripes and leap for joy. Oh, glory ! I feel the running streams of salvation flowing into my soul, sweeter than the honey-comb ! Blessed Jesus ! all thanks and praise to thee. Thou hast heard and answered us to-night in thy great compassion. The fire is running from heart to heart, the all-uniting, all-overcoming love of God,

Jesus is here right in our midst. Let us praise him, let us praise him forever and ever. Amen, and Amen!"

The power had indeed come down as he prayed. Yea, the Holy Ghost fell on every one of us. I rose next, for my soul swam in floods of bliss, and hallelujahs leaped from my lips! "Praise God!" I shouted with the full strength of my voice! Praise God! Jesus Christ has made me free! He has bought my soul's liberty with his precious blood! He has broken the slavish bonds of Satan with his nail-pierced hands! Praise God, my brethren! Praise God, my sisters! I have seen him with the eyes of my soul—my Lord, who was crucified for me. And now they may whip me, they may torture me to death, but they cannot get Christ away from me. Whips cannot do that; chains cannot do that; death cannot do that. No, nor hell itself,—I paused, but my soul was full to overflowing.

Next an old man, who sat crouched upon a low seat, his arms folded over his breast as if he were afraid he should lose something, cried out,

"I* am afraid to stir, for fear I should lose it out of my heart; my heart so big, full with this great blessing." Shouts of praise filled the air while we spoke. Surely it might be said of us, "the shout of a king was among us." It was all heavenly harmony to me. Next rose my dear sister; she had not joined in the triumphant shout so heartily as the rest, for her young heart was struggling with new trials. But a soft, angelic light tempered the sadness on her brow, as she sweetly said, "Dear friends,

* Fact,

as I was weeping alone to-night, and thinking of my blessed mother, who has gone, and many other things, I seemed to hear a low, still voice saying, even unto me, "Let not your heart be troubled," and, as I thought upon these words, my soul's sight opened, and I saw a glimpse of "the King in his beauty," and "the Land that is very far off," and though I could not shout, to-night, the high praises of God, as ye have done, yet I can see by faith, "the land of rest, the saints' delight." So saying, she stepped a little forward in the circle, and commenced singing, like an angel, the inspiring hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." All joined in one rich burst of music, through that glorious hymn; all felt their right to an inheritance which no slave-holder can ever take from them. All, did I say? No; there was one who, as we closed, cried out, "What shall I do to be saved, what shall I do to feel as you do?" This was a young man, a stranger, who sat back in one corner of the room. Mr. Livingston had bought him lately of a trader. "I a poor slave," said he, "I come from very dark, heathen place; I never heard these things like I hear them here. Oh what shall save me?" We gathered around poor Philip; a sad spectacle he was, emaciated, scarred, branded; we preached to him Jesus; we prayed for him; and he, poor soul, prayed for himself. Soon he found peace, his dark face beamed with joy. The half had never been told him. I thank thee, blessed Emanuel, for this divine religion. Let nothing take from the slave that faith which is his all in all." Now old Sybil arose after awhile in her reverent, natural dignity. "Oh! children," said she, "ye love King Jesus, and I tell you to cling to him, for sore troubles are

at hand. I saw Satan, the God of this world, sitting on a throne, and it was all made of golden coin; and I saw many pillars under the throne linked together with heavy chains of gold. I saw three evil beasts arise out of the earth, and behold! Satan blew a signal blast, and those beasts arose to the chase, and hunted down our people, through the length and breadth of this gospel land. I saw Satan send forth the strong force to help them hunt us out from the east, and the west, and the north; to make our chains sure, and our bonds faster. I looked above Satan's throne, but for a time, I could see nothing but black glooming clouds roll thundering along; no light! no light! and I heard the groans of the captive grow deeper, and no light yet! And the strong force went forth proudly; but lo! I saw a still force suddenly meet the strong force, and the still force was mightier than the strong force, and the three evil beasts did in a while quail before it, and shrunk back to the very steps of Satan's throne. Then I looked, and beside me stood a very fair, tall young man, in white, shining raiment, and a lovely pair of wings from his shoulders. What does this mean, thou glorious angel, said I, trembling. 'The throne thou seest,' said he, 'showeth thee, who rules the darkness of this world. The evil beasts are three wicked, powerful men, who will hunt the escaped of thy people, to re-enslave them. There will be a 'time of trouble,' and Egypt's darkness: but the 'most High, who beareth rule over all,' shall take pity, and he shall be in the still force, and thereby shall it overcome the strong force, even unto the end."

There was silence among us after Sybil ceased, for a moment; but suddenly, the door opened, and our cruel

overseer appeared with several others, his eyes flashing with rage and brandishing the fell scourge, the fit weapon of cowardly tyranny, in his hands.

“Away with you ! away with you !” he cried, and they drove us all before them like a flock of sheep driven from some green spot in a desert land, by a troop of ravening wolves. We had unconsciously overstaid our time, and now were to receive a severe chastisement.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Gilbert still continues the History.

We were all taken to the usual scene of punishment, a building, the bare sight of which was to us agony and despair. There they ranged us, and prepared to administer the torture to us, one by one. Marian had never before been subject to such public and violent punishment. I loved my sister tenderly, and besought our tormentors to spare her. I offered to take double punishment on myself. I told him I knew her mistress would be angry, if it came to her knowledge. They could not, they said; the orders of our master were peremptory, and they should exempt none. The only privilege I could get was, that she should be last,—a dreadful one for the tender, sympathetic Marian. I had a sort of hope against hope, that something might happen to save her. Who could tell our anguish? Oh ye who coldly speculate on the thousand horrors of our state—ye statesmen, clergymen, newspaper editors, and laymen who are in the war against us,—could you but experience the woes of that one night of slavery: the groans, shrieks, lashes, blood and quivering pieces of flesh strewing the ground. Could ye have seen me after I had received my bitter portion, my shirt clotted with blood, my wounded, trembling arms encircling my poor sister, whose turn came next; could ye, would ye array yourselves against God and the poor slaves? Oh!

my sainted mother, did'st thou know then the anguish of thy children? All had received their punishment but Marian; and now the ruffians coolly prepared to submit the chaste and tender form of my innocent sister to the cruel lash. Sybil and two or three free women were at the meeting, but Marian happened to be the only female slave at the meeting that night. She had already suffered more than her own personal sufferings would have been to a soul like her's, in what she had endured for her companions. At the time when my punishment had commenced, the poor girl fainted. I made signs to them to attend to her.

"The lash will bring her to her senses," said the brutes. But she now stood clinging to me with a desperate grasp. The minions of the overseer approached us; she shrieked at their first rude, contaminating touch. I became perfectly mad. I presented myself before her—

"Over my dead body alone," said I, "you reach my sister."

They commenced a sharp struggle with me; but just at that critical moment, Jasmyn rushed in, breathless and trembling with excitement. He extended a paper to the overseer, a paper signed both by Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, requiring that Marian should be pardoned, and returned to them. It seemed to me that the agonies of death were changed to the joys of Paradise within me! Jasmyn was sent to conduct Marian home—happy lot for him, which he would not have enjoyed, had not Master Sedley been fortunately absent. I was not permitted to follow her, but ordered home another way. But I saw Jasmyn take her in his arms, for she was entirely exhausted, and go with

her through the fields, as if she were a bird. Jasmyn told me afterward, how this happy issue was brought about; it was in this way: As soon as Sybil recovered from the shock which had been given her, when the meeting was broken up, her first thought was heart-felt thankfulness that Jasmyn had not been allowed to join us that evening. Her second thought was, how to rescue Marian. She would have been glad to save all, but she could not. She did not deliberate long, but hurried down to the great house. They had not yet retired for the night. Jasmyn was removing the dishes from the supper-table, when he was told that his grandmother waited, in haste to see him. He hurried to her, as soon as he could, somewhat alarmed.

"What has sent you here so late, grandmother?" said he, as she stood at the door.

"Because," said she, "they have broken up our meeting, and driven poor Marian and all the rest up to that horrid slaughter-house. If you can do any thing to save her, do it. I think if mistress knows it, she may prevent it now, if it is not too late." Jasmyn knew that his master and mistress had retired into a back parlor where, usually, they remained an hour or two after supper, discoursing on family matters, and making domestic arrangements for the next day. He knew they never permitted any one to disturb them at that time, and he felt, in some measure, like Esther, when about to go in to the king. But though Jasmyn was, in general, timid, he had great courage in extremity, his timidity not being the result of cowardice, but of sensibility. His was a tender, not a mean soul. He went up to the door of the parlor, and knocked gently. Mr. Livingston rose from the couch on which he was re-

clining, saying, as he went towards the door, "who can this person be, who intrudes upon us in this way." On opening the door, he exclaimed, in a tone of anger and surprise :

"Fellow, who sent you here?"

"Master," said Jasmyn, bowing low, "there has been a prayer-meeting at Sybil's and they overstaid their time, and the overseer came and drove them all off to be flogged."

"Well, well, what of all that?" said Mr. Livingston.

"Why, sir, grandmother has been up, for she said she did not believe Missis meant that Marian should be whipt with the rest."

"Oh! she must suffer with the rest," said Mr. Livingston, "my orders were that it should be so."

"I know Marian ought to be punished," said Madam Livingston, "but I prefer, Mr. Livingston, to manage her myself. Marian is my waiting-maid, I cannot do without her services, especially to-morrow, for I am engaged to a dinner party, you know, and she will not be fit to touch me. Write an order for her pardon, if you please, Mr. Livingston."

Mr. Livingston, as usual, yielded to his lady, for he well knew there would be little peace for him if he did not; and perhaps, slave-holder as he was, and towards his unhappy colored offspring without natural affection, there might have been, just at that time, some yearning over his own daughter! Jasmyn felt so strong a wish that the pardon should be general, that slave as he was, he could not help saying, as his master gave him the order, "Cannot good master pardon all, if they never do so any more."

"No," thundered out his master, "and if you presume to ask anything more, you shall be chastised yourself. Go, execute our orders, promptly."

Away went Jasmyn glad of what he had gained, and sorry that he could do no more ; arriving as we have heard only in time to save Marian. On reaching home myself, I went to my young master's room, and as he had not yet returned, I hurried to my own sorry couch, sore enough in body, but glad in mind. Jasmyn stole in to see me before he went to bed. I had hardly lain down after bathing my bleeding wounds with God's cure-all, and looking up to him for mercy, when he came in.

"All is still," said he, "Marian charged me to see you before I went to sleep. Gibby, honey, she felt lighter than a bird to me, when I brought her home. Mistress ordered her up stairs ; I heard her scolding her very hard, and it made me feel like death. Now tell me Gibby, can I do anything for you, my poor fellow ?"

"No, no, but tell me what Madam said to my sister."

"I heard her say, for one thing, that as a punishment, she should never go to meeting to Sybil's again ; but missis don't know that Marian can have a good meeting all by herself. She has got a nice little meeting-house in her own heart, God bless her. No overseer can drive her out of that."

"Yes," said I, "and Christ for priest, and good thoughts for company."

"You know," said Jasmyn, "I can make verses ; sometimes I think in verse ; and these lines flowed through my mind, as we came home. I never felt so much joy and sorrow at once, Gibby."

"I have thee safely in my arms,
 Snatched from the tyrants, cruel ;
 The scourge shall not profane thy charms,
 My bosom's precious jewel !
 This moment that I have thee thus,
 Though from such horror fleeing,
 I feel not Slavery's burning curse,
 I know another being.
 And though for our dear, suffering friends,
 My heart with thine is bleeding,
 Yet love o'er every thought ascends,
 With light, and power exceeding.
 The present, fills me while I feel
 Thy breath upon me glowing ;
 And bless the moon-beams that reveal
 Those eyes with tears o'erflowing.
 From pity's tears, oh ! gentle maid,
 Thine eyes new lustre borrow ;
 Have ever love and grief displayed,
 So beautiful a sorrow.
 Now let the tyrant use his sway—
 The sweetness of this minute,
 No after-anguish takes away,
 It hath such Heaven within it.
 Ah ! see ye stars, her raven locks
 Upon my bosom streaming ;
 And that large, tearful eye, that mocks
 Your dewy evening, beaming.
 Oh ! know you not, she is all mine,
 As ye look down so sweetly ?
 Loving to see two suffering hearts,
 For once, blest so completely ;
 For once, defying all that fate,
 In after hours pursuing,

And all that tyranny and hate
Can do to work their ruin.
Eternal stars ! by your still light,
On God's grand altar shining,
O witness ye the love we plight,
Till life's last breath resigning."

I listened to this song, which to me seemed good, because perhaps I loved Jasmyn so well, for our feelings towards the living poet, influence us in our acceptance of his poetry. But my mind was pre-occupied with one idea, the thought of liberty. Sometimes, looking over the wrongs of my whole race, I prayed God to make me a Joshua to them ; sometimes the domestic evils of slavery, gathering into a storm over my sister's head and my own, occupied my mind. Then the fevered, wounded state of my body, often would bring back my thoughts to myself. Better for us, if our masters would take the scourges themselves, than leave us to the brutality of their overseers, usually the basest of mankind.

CHAPTER X.

In which the narrator resumes the story.

The upper house looked with indifference and contempt, even upon the superior part of their chattels. A Douglass, a Placide, a Brown, might have grown up in their midst, unawares to them. Habitual sovereignty had caused them to look down upon their vassals, as creatures as far removed from their equal sympathy, as the Siberian serf from the tyrant majesty of Russia. They gave a slave no right to love, or hate, or think like themselves. They regarded all attempts of the kind, as subjects of unfeeling sport, or cause of wanton chastisement. Under this illusion, the native sentiment and poetry of Jasmyn was a theme of ridicule. The common mass of Americans are contented to take their ideas of all the slaves from burlesque representations of that class whom they have sunk, by their debasing system of slavery, into a state of degradation infinitely more vulgar than their natural, savage condition. It is a most infamous and base cruelty, which first crushes and brutalizes a race, and then makes unfeeling sport out of that inferiority and debasement to which our own cruelty and injustice has reduced our victims. Let the modern Philistines beware of the African Sampson, whom they have shorn of his strength and blinded, and are making sport of. His hands are upon the two pillars of their strong house !

* * * * *

The morning after the scenes related in the last chapter, just as Marian finished dressing his mother's hair, Sedley, who had just returned, entered his mother's dressing-room, his constant haunt, when he thought he should see Marian. A few moments afterward, Marian left the room, saying she had to finish making up some lace in the laundry, and got excused for that purpose.

"Where in the world," said Sedley; "did that wench get her exquisite taste? Your head is better dressed than if you had employed a Parisian Barber."

"I know it," said his mother, "it is just so with every thing she does; but I came very near losing her services to-day."

"How," inquired Sedley.

"Why, she narrowly escaped a severe whipping. I gave her permission to go down to Sybil's, to meeting, for, as she never asks to go to dances, and sets up for a saint, I occasionally allow her this privilege. So she went, and I thought no more of it; but, when your father and myself, after supper, had retired, as usual, into the back parlor, at quite a late hour, who should present himself but Jasmyn; his grandmother had come and told him that her meeting was broken up, and Marian and the rest had gone to receive a whipping. I knew she would not be fit for me to-day, after being in the hands of our overseer, and I could not spare her at all, on account of the dinner party. We despatched Jasmyn with an order for her pardon, and to have her sent home."

"And how did she get home?" said Sedley, his color changing.

"Jasmyn returned with her," said his mother.

"I am glad Marian escaped," said Sedley; "she is too pretty to be whipt: but what an insufferable, impudent fellow that Jasmyn is. I wonder he should have presumed to intrude upon you. His grandmother should have done her own errands. What right has he to meddle with the management of the slaves? I wish my father had sent some other servant with his message, and had him well thrashed for his presumption."

"Oh, I do not think," said his mother, "that Jasmyn meant to be insolent."

"I do," said Sedley, rising and walking about the room in increasing agitation. "You do not know the smooth rascal as thoroughly as I do. I wish father would sell him. The sugar plantations in the far south, are the places to bring down such a fellow as he is."

"I think," observed Mrs. Livingston, "that old Sybil has collected nearly money enough to buy his freedom."

"My dear mother," said Sedley, "if you are wise, you will induce father not to sell him, unless Sybil will send him to Liberia, for I can tell you a little secret, I have discovered. If you let Jasmyn become free and remain about here, you will soon lose your handy dressing-maid."

"What do you say," said his mother, surprised at this intelligence; "surely, Jasmyn would not presume to think of anything of that sort, with my girl."

"He does indeed," said Sedley, "they are very sly about it, but no doubt they are lovers."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Livingston, "I notice the negroes so little except as servants. But if the boy has any idea of courting Marian, I will put a stop to that very speedily."

Marian now entered the room, and Sedley soon left, determined, if possible, to have Jasmyn sold ; if he could not do that, he hoped at least, to have him, if made free, sent to Liberia.

Mr. Livingston's library and his study were two apartments, connected together by folding doors. Mr. Livingston was reading in his study. In the adjoining room—the folding doors being nearly closed—sat Arthur St. Vallery, looking over some music, with a very pretty, genteel young lady, and apparently quite interested. He perceived Sedley as he entered the room. There was ever this sort of agreeable association with Sedley. His appearance was as instinctively associated with evil, as the lowering evening heavens with an approaching storm.

“Father,” said he, seating himself, without observing that any one was in the adjoining room, “I should not have intruded upon you, but I have something of some importance to say to you.

“And what is that, my son ”

“I understand Sybil has nearly completed the sum you ask for the boy Jasmyn.”

“Very well, sir, and what is that to you ? said Mr. Livingston, (a little piqued as he frequently was with his son's officiousness in business matters,) “Gibby is your body servant, not Jasmyn.”

“I know it, father, but if you will permit me to advise you, from several circumstances that have come to my knowledge, I would advise you not to sell Jasmyn his liberty at all, except on condition that he leaves at once for Liberia. But perhaps it would be as well to sell him pri-

vately, and tell Sybil he had run away ; these free negroes are very dangerous neighbors."

"I know it, my son, but Jasmyn seems a civil boy. What have you against him?"

"Father," said Sedley, drawing his chair closer, and speaking in a confidential tone of voice, "I think there will be trouble between him and my mother's waiting maid. If Jasmyn gets his freedom I think he will try to seduce her away, and there will be trouble with them if he remains here. I cannot endure to have my mother annoyed. You know she values the girl very much as a waiting maid. It is her wish that something should be done."

"But madam must not be too particular about retaining her ; she shall have her as long as possible, but my affairs may require that I should sell Marian. She is a magnificent creature, and would command a splendid sum in New Orleans.

"But if you do not get rid of Jasmyn, you are liable to lose her at any time."

"Ah yes, I will send for Sybil and talk with her. I shall not sell Jasmyn away, for I have promised Sybil, and will not disappoint her if she will colourize him.

Mr. Livingston then resumed his studies, and Sedley left the room, very well satisfied with the mischief he had done.

Mr. Livingston, like many other opulent gentlemen of his sort, kept open house, and lived in a kind of lordly hospitality, and made expensive journeys in the traveling season. When the negro woman received Mungo Park, there was true hospitality ; but very doubtful is the luxu-

rious sociality of the oppressor's board, which is called hospitality. None can be generous before he is just ; but the time hastens, when in Bible phrase ' the churl will no more be called bountiful.' Dives was doubtless lauded for his hospitality, by those he feasted, while Lazarus laid at his gate, full of sores.

CHAPTER XI.

A short chapter from Gibby.

I, Gibby, was nailing up some vines over the study windows and elsewhere, and was in a position to see and hear what was going on that day that Master Sedley made his grand move to get rid of Jasmyn. I overheard all that the arch-enemy prompted Sedley to say. I could see him, though he did not observe me, as the blinds were partly closed. I could see Master Arthur also, and his manœuvres; he was pretending to be still critically and silently examining some new music of Miss Woodville's; but he was really listening to Master Sedley from the time he entered the room. Tired of this game, at last, I heard him say, "I shall do better with this, if we pause awhile, Miss Woodville," and with these words spoken in an under tone, as not wishing to disturb his uncle and cousin, in conversation, he threw himself upon the lounge just where the door was slightly ajar, and heard all Sedley said. Two facts Master Arthur ascertained in this manner; first, that Jasmyn and Marian were lovers; next that Marian might be sold. While he was digesting this unwelcome news, and entirely forgetful of Miss Woodville, who had taken up a book, and was reading, Jasmyn entered and handed Mr. Livingston a letter. That gentleman read the letter, rose and paced the room several times, and then went up stairs to his lady's room, who was now in full array for the

dinner party." "My dear," said he, "your brother-in-law, Dr. Woodville, will be here this evening, preach to-morrow, and he and Lucina will leave Tuesday ; and he very politely hints about my debts to him. I am very sorry, but what pray can I do ?"

"Why, you need not be at a loss, Mr. Livingston. I know Dr. Woodville perfectly well ; if we can arrange a match between Arthur and Lucina, no doubt he will be induced to relinquish a part or the whole of his claim."

"They are now together in the study," said Mr. Livingston. I will send Lucina up to you and converse with Arthur myself on the subject."

The reader will please to recollect that I was nailing up vines about the house, and when I saw Mr. Livingston leave the room with that letter, I felt moved upon, as the phrase is, to see the play out, and moved my ladder round near the window of Madam Livingston's room, where I overheard the conversation between my master and mistress. Don't start, good friends, you never had a sister's honor at stake as I had.

When Mr. Livingston left the room, I softly removed the ladder again to its old position. After Mr. Livingston had sent his niece to his wife, he began with Arthur.

"A very fine girl that, Arthur. How remarkably lovely she looks to-day."

"Yes, a very fine girl, re-echoed Arthur ; a very charming singer, too, and plays as well as she sings.

"I sometimes wish she and Sedley were not so nearly related, but you are more fortunate in that respect. I know no where so desirable a match. Lucina unites beauty, fortune, and accomplishments. Now is the only

time to secure the prize, for she is going to England immediately. Her rich aunt, whose heiress she is, will introduce her there into society, and then she is gone. She has not come out yet. I do not know that you could win her, but if you could your joint fortunes would make you at once a millionaire. Now tell me candidly, Arthur, have you not thought seriously of the beautiful young heiress?"

"It would be presumption in any one like me. Surely uncle, Miss Woodville has too much sense to think of a person esteemed by his own father so deficient in understanding, that he must be accounted an infant until thirty."

"My dear Arthur, whatever were your father's ideas, I, your guardian, should consider it so decided a proof of the highest judgment, should you offer yourself to Miss Woodville, that I should at once relinquish my trust to you."

"Very good, Uncle; but are you sure I should not have a decided refusal?" said Arthur.

"I think not. Blushing apparitions and downcast eyes whenever your name is mentioned, are auspicious tokens for you."

"Indeed, you flatter me; but it is an honor I never dreamed of. I must be allowed time to recover from this delightful surprise which has overtaken me, so that I may address the beautiful Miss Woodville with some self-possession."

"You must be prompt. Her father will be here to-morrow night, and they will embark for England in a week."

"How can you doubt my readiness, uncle?"

"I am then to consider the matter arranged?"

“If the lady is propitious.”

The uncle and nephew then parted—the one well pleased, the other hemmed in and perplexed. After pacing about the room several times, Arthur went to his room and wrote to his friend. I was afterwards a short time in the service of Lewis, and this letter fell into my hands, along with several files of letters given me, to burn up out of the way. The letter was as follows :

“*My Dear Louis*,—I am in great perplexity. I wish you were with me, to help me out of this entanglement, by your masterly genius, so equal to every emergency. My plan was to satisfy my aunt and uncle, by paying those attentions to Miss Woodville, which may mean nothing or everything, and thus gain time to concert some plan of escape. A true actor may be led almost to believe himself the character he personates ; and I had become interested in the excitement of my own performances, just as a partizan gets up an interest in himself, for the candidate of his party, be it Cass, Webster, Fillmore or Belzebub. It is a pleasant stimulus, while it is on, but there is often a terrible re-action. But where is Marian ? you will say, for by the very last mail, went flying, a letter of which a quadron beauty was the burthen. I often wonder how those hard headed old fellows one meets with, ever brought their conscience under such capital regulation, that it never seems to trouble them, do what they will. My conscience is a very inconvenient ingredient in my composition. It gives me a world of trouble. I rose very early the morning after I wrote you last, to go on a rural excursion some distance. The people in the house were not up. As I passed a grove near the house, I heard

a low voice. It was Marian. She heard me as I approached, and rose from her knees, for she had been at her devotions. Her face was bathed in tears. A rosy, dewy blush suffused her face, as she saw me. She hurried on to the house, and I stood looking after her, as one dumb ; but there was such an immediate revelation of innocence about her, as she turned her face from God to me, that I felt condemned. Such thoughts as these crossed me,—Has slavery any more assimilation with her high and holy nature, than the Prince of Darkness with the Son of God ! She is Purity's self ; I must not pollute her. I rode away with these thoughts, but I went into a company of jolly fellows, and by night, 'the native hue of resolution was no longer sicklied over' with the pale cast of my morning's thought. My conscience was much more manageable. However, there was this effect, I devoted myself to Lucina. She is worldly enough not to tax the heart with great emotions. After all, I had not the least intention of deciding upon any thing, when, in comes Uncle Livingston, whom the angry destinies and my father, have made Fate to me, and plays me up to the grand finale of an offer. I knew if I flatly refused, I was as good as disinherited, and that Uncle Livingston, who is an extremely decided person, would bear no evasion. I did make an attempt to get off by affecting too much humility for the honor, but it would not pass. I was obliged to submit, especially as the attack came upon me when I was entirely off my guard ; my mind being painfully affected, at the instant, by something that had recalled my thoughts to Marian. Miss Woodville and myself had, that forenoon, been *tete-a-tete* in the library—my uncle reading in an ad-

joining room. The folding doors were nearly closed, but not entirely. Presently entered that promising development of depravity, cousin Sedley. He made some disclosures and proposals to his father, which as the poet hath it, "froze the genial current of my soul." The bare mention of Marian's name magnetized me at once into attention ; so that, while pretending to listen to Miss Woodville, I was really on the alert to hear all that young serpent was saying.

I learned, to my surprise, that Marian has a lover of her own race, and rather a dangerous specimen of that race, and moreover a descendant of that Sybil whom I had made my confidant, and hoped to make my accomplice. I had the happiness, also, to learn that my uncle in the plenitude of his philanthropy, has a plan in reserve, of selling Marian at the New Orleans market. Another important piece of information which I gained was, that Jasmyn, Marian's lover, would soon have his freedom purchased by his grandmother. Sedley, who is as wise as a fox, saw that Jasmyn being free, Marian would not long tarry behind ; and, with characteristic magnanimity, coolly proposed to his father, either to sell the boy privately, contrary to his agreement with old Sybil, or only to sell him his freedom on condition of his being immediately transported to Liberia.

This is an age of progress of all sorts ; and uncle, who is a thought behind the ripeness of the nineteenth century, declined his son's superlative scoundrelism.

This evening Dr. Woodville arrives ; to-morrow I shall, by force, have to hear two sermons from him. He is esteemed a great preacher. Homer says, " a man, to be a

good poet, must be a good man." Aristotle has it, that we must believe the orator a good man, or his oratory has no power. Now I know this Dr. Woodville thoroughly. Why, his very method of teaching the gospel, is founded on worldly maxims. Then his whole study is to appear to be what he is not, very smooth and specious and all the while a keen eye for his own interest. He is quite a contrast to that honest heroic old Abdiel, whom you and I helped to escort across the line last year. You recollect we and a few other college boys joined the row in order to restrain the mob a little. He seemed to be in earnest, and, though as a Southerner I repudiate his sentiments, I respect his courage. But Dr. Woodville's preaching is to me a perfect farce. To hear *him* preach self-denial, humility, and all that, and then see him draw on his perfumed gloves, ascend his rich carriage, go home and smack his lips over his racy old wine, and choice segars, I tell you it is rich. I have heard him preach a sermon on repentance to an aroused audience, and a novice would think him oppressed with the care of souls, and I have seen him return and feast as if he had no soul. I have known him to preach against covetousness, in a missionary sermon, so that, perhaps, many a poor soul felt condemned, if they did not quite empty their pockets; and the next day sell the mother from her nursing babe, for the sake of a profitable speculation! This is that Dr. Woodville. A goodly father-in-law have I in prospect. But here comes uncle, and this sheet must for the present go into my secretary."

CHAPTER XII.

In which the narrator again takes up the story.

Sabbath afternoon when the great coach rolled away to church, Marian having obtained leave of her mistress to take a walk, gladly saw the vehicle move off. Marian looked up to the soft blue sky that seemed to love her, and said,

“ Oh ! Thou who seest me, be with me where I go this afternoon, to that haunted glen, and nothing can make me afraid.”

Then she went on praying inwardly, till she came to Sybil's cottage. Looking in she saw no one, and turned off toward the glen. The long, rich rays of the mellow sunlight streamed through the trees that overshadowed the path ; the wild bee murmured among the flowers ; God seemed to rest in his brooding love over all nature. There was a sweet heavenly holy languor in the hour, and Marian felt the full charm of it. No one enjoys nature like those who commune with God through his works. If Jasmyn were only here, she sighed ; but I must not think too much of him. Everything is keeping Sabbath, thought Marian, as she stepped within the bounds of the haunted glen. The very stream that fell so tumultuously in the waterfall, was gathered here into a lake of crystal clearness, that mirrored the thick branches of the venerable trees on its bank. Oh ! it was a rare sight to see our still, spiritual Marian in this spot. The richly sombre

shadows of the trees that skirted the old place ; the warm light of the summer afternoon, softened in golden tinted shadings into a mysterious glowing gloom ; the glen that opened down from the Lake, and grew more and more shadowy, till lost among the hills, made it indeed look like the haunt of angels ! And there was Marian, looking like the very genius of the place, her countenance full of religious beauty. Down she wended her way, and came into the depths of the glen, seating herself at length on a low, broad rock beside a small waterfall. After a few moments she took from her bosom a little hymn book, and sang a few verses ; but she soon felt that she could sing no more ; a sudden seriousness took possession of her soul so deeply that it oppressed her, and yet she could not come out of it ; but now her heart beat quicker, and her cheek grew pale, for there came, as from the inward thick-ness of the glen, a sweet, solemn voice. It was her mother's voice, but incomparably more melodious than in life, and it chaunted in a low, plaintive, but not despairing, tone—

“ What wilt thou for good or ill,
Thine, or the Almighty's will.”

Marian trembled, not now for fear of the voice, for the very sound of it had given happiness to her soul, but there was a struggle in her heart, for she knew if she consented to endure, she should be called to endurance. She bowed her head upon her lap ; how could she, who had already endured so much, how could she bear more !* All the harrassments, vexations and trials of her lot pressed

* This struggle is not fiction. I knew a person who passed through a similar ordeal.

upon her mind, and she was ready to say, let me die, when the words, Thy Saviour, uttered with the same dulcet plaintiveness struck to her soul. The Spirit triumphed in that moment over the frail flesh, and she stood erect; her eyes raised to Heaven, flashing through her tears, her hands uplifted, she exclaimed triumphantly, "I will what my Saviour wills, He was made perfect through sufferings." At that moment a voice came rushing down the glen—

"Twice and thrice through the Furnace past,
Happy and Free, and saved at last."

All ceased, Marian seemed to arouse as from a dream, but deeply felt that something new in her destiny, was before her. She gazed up the glen, but nothing bright was there, save the golden glimmer of the sunshine on the heavy old branches. She heard nothing but the low lull of the little waterfall, and the song of the wood-bird. "The vision has passed," said she, and fell on her knees, and prayed. She rose refreshed, and was gathering her shawl about her, when she heard a foot-step, a human foot-step near; she was startled, but her fears were soon allayed, by the appearance of her mother's former minister, and friend, Jonas Freeman. Jonas Freeman was a true Quaker. His peculiar dress, of spotless drab, well became his figure, tall and ample, but not corpulent. None could resist the idea of protecting goodness, which associated itself with his majestic and venerable appearance.

"Ah! Marian," said he, as he bent his large, mild eyes upon her. "I rejoice to meet thee here; and why it was, I know now, that I felt drawn to take the glen, in my way

home. I have not seen thee since my return to this country. How is thy good mother ? ”

Marian answered, with solemnity, but no sadness, “ mother is dead, but not dead and gone. I have heard her voice, this very afternoon.”

“ And is thy mother dead, indeed ? ” said Jonas. I grieve that I shall no more hear or see that choice woman.”

“ I have heard her sweet voice, this very afternoon,” repeated Marian.

“ Thou art a good girl,” said Jonas, “ and God has given thee a pleasant dream of thy mother, here in this quiet place.”

“ It was no dream, friend Jones.”

“ Well, Marian, I cannot tell how deep a communion God may vouchsafe thee, with those who are gone : but I would not have thee too fond of a visionary faith, lest it should seize on thy fancy, and weaken thy attachment to the legitimate object of thy faith ; and that the ideal, romantic spiritual, should supersede or alloy the real, and heavenly spiritual. But how is it with thee and Gibby ? are you well used ? and do things go with you as they used to ? ”

“ Gibby will see you, and tell you,” said Marian, “ I have new and heavy troubles, the Lord knows I have, but some-how I have so long told them only to God, that when I go to speak of them to any one else, I can only cry and tremble.”

“ Do not grieve thyself, my daughter,” said Jonas, “ I believe thou wilt see better days ; I suppose thou sorely missest thy mother, but ‘ there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother ; ’ thou knowest, Marian,”

“ Yes, truly,” said Marian, who found a strange pleasure in weeping before a true friend, “ and I believe he will be with me always. He who died for me, will surely do all the rest.”

“ Farewell, Marian, said Jonas ; “ tell Gibby to come to me, if he gets into any trouble, and try to be as near like thy good mother as thou canst be.”

Marian watched him out of sight, as she would a beloved father, and then hurried home-wards, lest haply she might have been too long away.

CHAPTER XIII.

A short chapter from Gilbert.

I had, indeed, while nailing up the vines, on Saturday morning, heard all my young master had suggested to his father. To my utter consternation, I had also learned Mr. Livingston's plan of selling my sister for the New Orleans market. But why should I think it strange that he should sell his own lovely daughter? he had done similar acts frequently. Every day, parents immolate their children to the great Moloch of slavery. Truly, the slave-holders are in the condition of those of whom Paul speaks, in the first chapter of Romans, "without natural affection." Yet he had a sort of honor; for instance, he would not, even for his son, break an agreement with one whom he believed in the lowest form of humanity. The Sabbath had passed. The very reverend Doctor still lingered, and a party was now to be given in his honor, at a neighboring gentleman's seat. The whole upper house were going. The entertainer was celebrated for the sumptuous taste of his parties, and much pleasure was expected. The morning sun rose as fair as if there had been no slavery or death in the world. But we were daily reminded of our lot at Livingston lawn. I was going to my young master's room, when poor Jasmyn met me with a sad countenance. What is the matter, Jasmyn, said I, in an under tone.

"Master Sedley told me last evening," said he, "that he meant to have me severely punished."

"I asked him what I had done. He said he would tell me when he punished me, and that I might expect it to-night."

"Run away," said I.

"I would," said he, "were not grandmother about ready to buy my freedom, and that would perhaps cut off my chance if I had not the good success to get clear off. No, Gilbert, I must look to God. May he help me." With these words we parted.

* * * * *

There was a sort of being about the house and plantation who was called Pete. He was one of those strange creatures who are over-witted in some respects, and under-witted in others. To the whites, he was a subject of much mirth. Pete was of the lowest order of plantation slaves; short, thick, and of a grotesque appearance. He was not a regular field hand, but ran on errands, and did other light jobs. I was employed about the garden after having assisted at Master Sedley's morning toilet, attending to some favorite plants belonging to him, when this Pete came up scratching his head.

"Massa Arthur," said he, "wants to see you down by de grove. De ole fellow stirring up a muss, I spose."

I immediatly went down. There was Master Arthur!

"Gilbert," said he, "I suppose you heard what Sedley said, Saturday morning, as well as I."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you think of it?"

"I think," said I, "but I must not tell my thoughts."

"Why, you know, Gib, Sedley wants Jasmyn out of the way, because he has designs upon your sister himself; now

what is to be done, Gibby, what can I do for you? you know I am disposed to assist you. All the while we were talking I could see Pete skulking round among the trees, at hearing distance, trying to pick up something; for when any mischief was brewing, Pete was in his element, and had as many tricks as a fox, till he got together the heads of the matter.

“Master Arthur,” said I, “I think if Mr. Livingston knew this conduct of his son towards my sister, he would prevent it.”

“How can you think so,” said Master Arthur, “when you know uncle and aunt would give their spoiled son the universe if they could?”

“It may look strange to you, sir, but you had really better mention this to your uncle, only tell him young Master loves my sister, and I know he will prevent it.”

“You are mistaken,” said he, and left me a little vexed that I gave him no better expedient. Pete threw himself in his way as he went towards the house, and I heard him say in his muttering way, “Tis a wise son dat knows his own dad, and a wiser broder to know his own sis.”

“What are you muttering?” said Arthur.

Pete repeated his aphorism.

“What do you mean?” said Arthur.

“Only that the wind blows strong from the east, and there will be a storm.”

“Good, Pete,” said Arthur, “here is a piece of silver for you if you will tell the truth.”

“They say de trute is as cheap as a lie; but it isn’t this time, for Massa will only give me a lick for a lie, but here

is good money for de trute. Well, Massa Arthur, how many daughters Massa Livy lost ? ”

“ Three, Pete ; what in nature are you driving at ? ”

“ Three ? count again ; one more almost lost, half sold.”

“ I don’t know what you mean, Pete,” said Arthur. ”

“ Chew upon it, Massa ; may-be you will tass out de meaning. Poor Pete knows, but don’t want his wool pulled for telling.”

I saw by Master Arthur’s looks that he did soon tass out the meaning. He rejoined me on the garden steps.

“ I know now, what you meant,” said he, to me. Pete has blown the whole business, and I was blind not to see it before. ” I then told him of Sedley’s design to punish Jasmyn. He assured me he would use all his influence to prevent it. I knew why Master Arthur was so much interested, and was determined to oppose his plans. Yet I was glad to avail myself of his good will to save Jasmyn, for I feared he would be chastised cruelly.

CHAPTER XIV.

From the narrator.

To those who see aright, the russet garb of honesty is better than the woven gold and purple of guilty wealth. And however beautiful by rules of art, may be the stately mansion of the oppressor, to the true vision it looks but desolately fair, the prison of a condemned soul. Who has not felt a weight upon their heart, looking at the lordly mansions of the guilty great, which has been relieved by the sight of some humble dwelling, smiling out through the trees, where lived some holy laborer, in the open sight of God and Heaven.

The seat of the Charlton family, where the entertainment was to be given, to which our family were invited, was to those who look only at the outside, a magnificent place. But how did the slaves look upon it, as they went or returned from their daily toil, and saw its stateliness at a distance? To them it was the manifestation of their master's power over them, the seat of rule. "Wo to them who build their houses by wrong, who use their neighbor's service without wages." Little place had such thoughts, in the hearts of the party that gathered at the Charltons. They were not like one of old, who said, "Let me not eat of their dainties." Although given in honor of a distinguished clergyman, yet as he was largely and fashionably connected, the assemblage was a gay one, and with part

of them, a convivial feast. The dinner came off at early evening, and after dinner, the glass circulated freely among the gentlemen. Both of our young gentlemen remained ; but Mr. Livingston retired as soon as the dessert was removed, having letters of business to write at home. Arthur observed Sedley stealing away, after he had done sufficient honor to the sparkling champagne. It was an unusual self-denial, he knew, for Sedley to leave so soon these elegant convivialities. And in truth, the self-styled chivalry do honor to their boasted descent from those graceful, yet graceless children of the evil-one, the Cavaliers, and the poor descendants of the Round-heads, ape them, and toil after them in vain, being too much in the honest bustle and rough business of life, to come near their lazy ease and elegance. What matters the name ? they really are the nobility of the land, and the rest but vassals, perforce, for Mammon's sake. Yes, it needed a strong impulse to draw Sedley from such a scene. Arthur, whose suspicions were now fully awake, at once apprehended his motive ; and as soon as he could, excused himself, also. Having his eye upon Sedley, he had been unusually sparing in his use of the wine, but Sedley was free in his libations. Arthur hurried home determined to expose Sedley to his father, and prevent both Jasmyn's chastisement, and Sedley's farther intercourse with Marian. As he drew near the house, he saw a light in his Aunt's dressing-room. Through the waving window curtains, he saw Sedley in earnest conversation with Marian, who seemed to be weeping in great grief. He listened and overheard him say " The paddle is ready and everything prepared ; but one word from you, will save him this chastisement ; come, will

you consent." Arthur could hear no more, but ran into the house, and went in haste to the study where his uncle was. But he knew he must be cautious, to ward off suspicion from himself. "Uncle," said he, "will you send a carriage for Dr. Woodville and the ladies. I had to leave."

"And where is Sedley?" asked Mr. Livingston."

"Here at home, very strangely, in Madam's dressing-room, with Marian."

"With Marian," said Mr. Livingston, in a tone of sudden, painful surprise! "what has he to do there with her alone."

"Ah," said Arthur, with a careless, jocular laugh; "did you not understand Sedley's hurry to get Jasmyn off to Liberia? Jasmyn loves Marian, and will, no doubt, buy Marian's freedom, eventually, and marry her. Sedley loves her too well for this." He said no more.

Mr. Livingston rose at once from the table, and exclaiming "Is it possible," left the room in haste. Ascending the stairs, he heard Sedley say, "you are so obstinate, and foolish, I swear I will have Jasmyn sold to-morrow, for the far south." At these words, Mr. Livingston hastily entered the room, "Sedley," said he, sternly, "leave this room instantly, and never dare meddle with your mother's servant again, or I will disown you." Sedley, headstrong with wine, swore he would do as he pleased. This excited his father, who forcibly ejected him from the room, and locking the door, passed on to his own apartment, and sent Marian to her own room. Meantime, Sedley, perfectly mad with wrath and wine, rushed down stairs. In his way, he met Pete, who muttered, "Massa Sedley beat de bush, Massa Arthur catch de bird." Hearing this, he

rushed on, as if by evil fiends driven, to the library. On entering the room, at sight of Arthur, he poured out a volley of oaths and curses, and drawing his bowie knife, made a sudden pass at Arthur, and wounded him. Arthur, however, succeeded in disarming him : but he seized a double-barreled gun, which was loaded. A scuffle ensued, in which the gun went off, and the whole charge entered the breast of the unfortunate Sedley, who fell dead on the floor, a mangled corpse ; while Arthur, faint from loss of blood, and the horrible struggle, swooned, and fell beside him. The dreadful concussion caused by the gun, brought Mr. Livingston and the whole household, at once. What could exceed the consternation and dismay of the unhappy father, when he entered the room. There lay his only son, the centre of his proudest hopes, and strongest affections, a blackened corpse ; and there his nephew, his arm wounded, and in a death-like swoon. Blood and brains strewed the magnificent carpet, and shattered wainscot. The man, who had ruthlessly violated, all his life, nature's tenderest ties, among his wretched slaves, now stood aghast, overwhelmed, but not instructed, by this fearful retribution. Soon, he alternately raved like a madman, or kissed the lifeless remains of his son. Recovering himself a little, he motioned to some slaves to take Arthur away. " Take that man," he cried, " to his own room, till he is able to give some account of this bloody work. And run some of you for Dr. Morris." As Arthur was borne away, a carriage drove up to the door, and the voices of Mrs. Livingston and Lucina, gay and laughing, were heard in the hall. " Do not let her come in here, for Heaven's sake," cried Mr. Livingston. But it was too late ; they entered the

room. A wild, long scream of anguish came from the wretched mother, succeeded by a fainting fit. She was borne away from that dreadful scene, by her husband and Miss Woodville. Dr. Woodville was not present ; he had been invited to remain with the Charlton's till the next day. Master Arthur's wound was not severe. It was dressed by a skilful surgeon, and about midnight, after he had slept, he was able to be present, at the coroner's inquest. He stated that he was in the library reading, when the deceased entered in a state of intoxication ; that he drew his bowie knife and rushing upon him, swore he would kill him ; that he (Arthur) disarmed him, after receiving a slight wound ; that the deceased then seized the gun, and he strove to get it from him, and, in the struggle which ensued, the gun went off ; that he knew no more after that. After giving his evidence, he was again led to his chamber.

But where was Marian all this time, the innocent occasion of all this mischief ? Marian came with the rest of the household, when the report of the gun gathered them all to the fatal spot.

As she beheld that sight, she forgot her own deep wrongs, and wept that such an unprepared soul had passed away to the bar of God. Yet her commiseration was mingled with awe at Heaven's justice, and providential interference for her rescue. Jasmyn came and whispered to her to retire, for, said he, they will blame you for this ; upon that suggestion, Marian left the room, but when her mistress was carried to her chamber, she knew she was expected to attend her. She went in, therefore, and used every means to facilitate her mistress' recovery.

The house was filled with friends before morning ; the

whole neighborhood being alarmed. Early in the morning, Mrs. Livingston ordered some coffee, which Pete brought up. After taking it, being alone with her husband, she requested him, now she was more composed, to tell her what had led to the sad catastrophe of the preceding evening. He frankly laid open to her the whole chain of circumstances, which he believed had led to the melancholy event. The wretched, but guilty mother, who knew that her criminal indulgence of her son's wickedness had laid the foundation of this calamitous catastrophe, instead of taking to heart the lesson this appalling event contained, began to upbraid poor Marian, and the whole violence of her feelings spent itself upon her, and Arthur. "Oh," said she, "I will never, never see that artful, unprincipled wench again! My poor boy was not to blame! she was the cause of all this. I never shall rest, husband, any, till you sell her to the New Orleans traders."

"Be patient, my dear," said her husband; "all shall be as you wish. As for Arthur, I feel as badly as you do. I mean to give him up his estate, and send him out of my sight."

"Do get rid of Jasmyn too, dear husband; I never can bear to see any one that has been concerned in this matter. Order Marian to keep her room until you sell her."

"What shall be done with Gibby," said Mr. Livingston. "I think I had better sell him to Arthur."

"I do not care where you sell him," said this disconsolate mother, "so that I see him no more. Ever since my poor Sedley was an infant, Gib has been his body servant. He will never get a master to manage him so completely as Sedley did."

"Gibby is a tolerably good faithful boy," said Mr. Livingston.

"If he is," said Madam, "it is entirely owing to Sedley. He was naturally proud, but Sedley conquered him. If he had lived, we should have had our negroes under better discipline than they are now. I remember when he tied up Gib with his own little hands, when he was but a child, and chastised him. He would leave off, wipe the perspiration off his little rosy face, and begin again. He really seemed to make it a matter of duty, and Gib never dared to disobey him since. Oh, my poor boy, what a loss he is to you, and me, and his country. Don't you think if he had lived he might have equalled Mr. Calhoun?"

"I do not doubt it," said her husband.

Some one then entered the room to take orders about the funeral, which threw Mrs. Livingston into hysterics, and put an end to the conversation. Arthur received, in the course of the forenoon, the following letter:—"However we may acquit you of any designed attack on our dear Sedley, neither myself nor Mrs. Livingston can see you again, at present. I have engaged a lawyer to come after the funeral, who will arrange all the business between us. I mean to give your property into your hands for a certain compensation, and of course you will then leave a place, which, if you have any sensibility, must be very gloomy to you. Of course Miss Woodville will, after this, entertain no thoughts of a marriage connexion with you. I also wish to sell Gibby to you as a servant. Immediately after the funeral of my lamented Sedley, every thing relating to these matters will be arranged; meanwhile Gibby can attend you."

H. LIVINGSTON.

CHAPTER XV.

Gilbert takes up the story.

I was soon made acquainted with the new plans. Pete, who seemed almost endowed with ubiquity, at such times, had managed to overhear the bed-chamber conversation. He was, as the reader knows, sent up with coffee for Madam when it commenced, and, when he left the room managed to squeeze himself into a little jog near the chamber, risking, in order to gratify his curiosity, the chance of a drubbing. The next pleasure to him after hearing news, was to let it out. While I was preparing something for Master Arthur, Pete came round me, brimful.

“Guess Tommy will have a new Massa.”

“What for, Pete,” said I, in his own manner.

“Wonder if Massa Artur lick so hard as de dead one.”

“Think he will have a chance to lick me?” said I.

“Guess so, and not long first eider.”

“What think they will do with Marian?”

“How should Pete know? Guess more putting up hands to pray than ever.”

“For why, Pete? come, tell me, here’s a cent.”

“What for place New Orleans? what sort of a white nigger is a slave driver? Oh, Jeffery,” said he, suddenly turning the conversation, “how they are mourning for young Massa. Poor Pete’s head miss his hard tumps

any way, he won't knock it into jelly this day ; but I go cry with de rest, woful enough."

* * * * *

I now knew exactly my fate, and the impending doom of my sister. The extreme confusion of the house, and Master Arthur's temporary confinement to his room, made this a most favorable opportunity to escape. But another incident occurred that morning which looked still more favorable. Old Sybil came up to condole with her former master and mistress. After some other conversation, Sybil, who knew pretty well Mr. Livingston's embarrassments, ventured to say:—"I spose just at this time, Master, a little money would n't come amiss, and I got all the money together to buy Jasmyn." Sybil felt a little in haste from some fearful intimations of Jasmyn's danger that had reached her.

"Come after the funeral," said Mr. Livingston.

"No, no," said his wife ; "I must send to town for mourning, and must have money ; besides, Jasmyn I can see no more. Do, dear husband, let Sybil take him. Dr. Woodville can arrange it all for you."

Jasmyn attended his happy old grandmother home a free man ; yet feeling himself but half free, while we were slaves.

Marian told me she watched him from the window ; that he looked up, and held up his free papers.

"Thank God," said Marian, "he is free at any rate, whatever be my fate."

I sent up, late in the afternoon, two slices of bread for Marian's supper ; between them I put these lines: "To-

morrow is the day of the funeral ; now is our time ; have ready a small bundle and be at the window at dark.

* * * * *

It proved a dark, rainy evening, favorable for our purpose. Marian stood by the window for some moments, her heart fluttering, and the little bundle in her hand. Oh, what ages of agony and suspense in that short space. None but a slave about to escape, can tell what she then experienced.

“Great God!” said she, “help me, or I shall die.”—Presently she saw, through the darkness, the figure of a man coming towards the place. He stopped under the window, and hemmed slightly. She knew the voice and looked out. It was me. I instantly placed a ladder against the window. Marian lightly descended, and I, hiding the ladder behind some trees, led Marian a little way through the wood into the road before I spoke a word. I then told her that I had asked Master Arthur’s leave to go a short distance on an errand. ‘He is not half so suspicious as poor Master Sedley was,’ said I, ‘and he is confined to his chamber, and I do not believe will think of me again to-night ; more especially as he has some new books to read. We went on until we reached Sybil’s cottage. Looking in to see who was there, we saw Jasmyn alone—Sybil being engaged at the great house. I tapped at the door, and, when Jasmyn opened it, and saw us, he was ready to leap for joy. ‘Be calm,’ said I, ‘we are not all free ; Marian and I have only stopt a moment in our flight to say good bye. If you want to know where we are, go in a day or two, to Jonas Freeman’s ; but not before that time, or it may breed trouble.

“ I do not want to part with Marian so soon, ” said Jasmyn. “ And how will she be able to travel all night in the rain ? ” Cannot we conceal her here for a couple of days ? ”

“ No, I will not risk her for an hour, ” said I, “ for I know if any one was to come along, your eyes shine so, and you look so glad, they would know by that she was here. So, good bye. God bless you, dear Gibby, God bless you my dear Marian.” And now Marian’s heart was much lighter than before. She had seen Jasmyn, and she traveled on, regardless of the pouring rain.

At length we came to the banks of a river, which we were to cross in our way. I knew where there were several fishing boats, and loosening one, we stepped in ; Marian crept under the cuddy, and I rowed across. I threw an old cloak over Marian, and she fell asleep. When she awoke we had reached the shore near the little Quaker settlement where Jonas Freeman lived. The dwelling of Jonas stood a little without the village. It was built of stone, and, like himself, ample, plain and substantial. The morning star now just appeared above the horizon’s purpling edge—the storm was over ; the winds and waters were sighing themselves into rest, when we drew near the truly hospitable mansion. Being long familiar with the place, I went up around to the back part of the house and whistled three times three—a signal well understood by the master of the house, should he be awake. To my relief, a window was soon thrown up, and the well-known, welcome voice of Friend Jonas enquired, ‘ who is there ? ’ It is Gilbert, said I. Very quickly afterwards, the door was opened by our friend ; we were welcomed most kind-

ly, and the door was carefully re-fastened. The wife of Jonas was dead. His family consisted of himself, his only child, a daughter, and an elderly female domestic, Dorcas Hart. "Dorcas and Aimee," said he, "are not yet up, and I do not like to disturb them yet, for they both worked hard yesterday; but I will have a good fire for you : presently; you must be chilly, out in the rain so all night. Friend Marian, step into that room, and go to the wardrobe; remove thy wet clothing, and put on whatever thou canst find there suitable for thee. I will get thy brother some raiment of mine." Marian gladly obeyed Jonas, and soon returned comfortably clad. The warmth of the fire soon made us forget the chilling storm of the night. Jonas drew out a shining table of black oak, and spread over it a snow-white cloth; then placed thereon dishes that sparkled with cleanly clearness—knives as bright as a dollar fresh from the mint, and spoons it was a pleasure to eat with. Then he set before us food which, though plain, was so well prepared, that it seemed to us, poor, hungry travelers, that we had never seen such a feast. The whitest hominy, the nicest bread, the sweetest milk, the richest cheese, and the most luscious fruit we had ever yet eaten.

Dorcas soon came down stairs with her new checked apron, her small figured dark print, well starched, and her pearl white neckerchief folded in front. Her homely, but cheerful face, expressed the utmost quiet, content and kindness. She greeted us very pleasantly, and seemed to want to make us feel her part of the welcome; and the welcome of the domestic is ever an important part of the family hospitality to strangers. In a few moments after

came the fair Aimee,—the charming daughter of Jonas. Aimee was a very lovely girl, but it was not her graceful form, her fine features, her eyes so lustrous and soft, nor yet those hyacinthine and golden locks that clustered back in such rich burnished waves from her open brow,—these alone, were not what made Aimee so beautiful. It was wisdom, dwelling with meekness, and mental elevation, with deepest love that shed around her that beauty which the imagination of art would give to an angel.

“Thou seemest very much fatigued,” said she to Marian. “I have made up a good bed for thee in a quiet room, where thou may’st feel perfectly safe for to-day, certainly; and father, had’st thou not better take Gilbert to his room? our friends look weary.” So saying she took Marian affectionately by the hand, and passing through the hall, led the way up stairs to a retired room. Marian was struck with the neatness and comfort of the apartment—such a contrast to the home arrangements of those who love to live in a vain show. A neat white matting, curtains of dark muslin, and plain old fashioned furniture of black oak, were the equipments of a room which, from generation to generation, had been sacred to christian hospitality. From the large old fashioned windows you looked out upon an inspiring landscape, now adorned with new tints of beauty by the morning light. Here Aimee left Marian. After giving heartfelt thanks to Him who had led her thus far, Marian slept on a better bed than she had ever rested upon before. So deep was her refreshing sleep, that when she awoke in the afternoon, she was much restored, and was enjoying that delicious calm which succeeds a long unbroken sleep, when Aimee entered the room.

“Hast thou slept well? dear Marian, and wilt thou come down now, that we may see thee a little while before it is time to leave? thou may'st have heard what John Bunyan says of his pilgrims lodging in a chamber called ‘Peace.’ We call this chamber ‘Peace,’ for here is where many a wayworn pilgrim has rested. My father has been on a visit of duty to England; we had not much company while he was gone, but now we shall have pilgrims.”

So they came down stairs into the sitting room; here was Jonas with his benignant smile; myself much refreshed, and Dorcas, with her clear, calm, motherly face, busied in placing on the table a substantial and agreeable meal. It seemed to do them all good to entertain us, unfortunate ones, with the most considerate hospitality. After we had done honor to the good things so bounteously set before us, we two withdrew into a parlor with friend Jonas, who then laid before us his plans.

“To-day,” said he, “is the day of the funeral; they will hardly think of pursuing thee to-day; but to-morrow the chase will be up. I will take thee and Marian to the old hermit. He will conceal thee awhile in the cave, which is not on the track the pursuers would be likely to take; and, if friend Marian does not object, I may chance to bring Jasmyn there.”

Jonas then had a light covered wagon prepared. At the appointed hour, after many affectionate parting words, we took leave, and our good friend drove us off towards the hermit's. We arrived in safety. Entering the cave we found the old hermit asleep. The moon-beams streaming down on his low bed, discovered to us a face and form

which must have once been handsome and noble, but now showed advanced age. Jonas, to whom he seemed well known, aroused him, and said to him—"Paul, I have brought thee these two friends to be thy guests for a day or two, and, as thou hast not provisions enough for them thyself, I have brought some with me." He then brought in from his wagon plenty of food ready cooked.

The old man welcomed us kindly. After Jonas departed, he prepared for Marian a bed of dried leaves, and bade me lie down by his side.

When the light of dawn shone through the apertures of the cave, the hermit and myself arose and went to the water to bathe ; and, that done, we offered up prayer to the Lord of life and light. After we returned, Marian went to the stream. She also bathed, and then kneeling down on the shore, commended herself to the God of the fugitive. She arose with renewed courage, but it was ready to sink away again, as she espied two men muffled in cloaks. She ran towards the cave, but they gained upon her. How relieved was she to hear from one of them the voice of Jonas.

"Thou needest not flee so fast ; here are none but friends."

She looked round and blushed to see that Jasmyn was with him. They now entered the cave, and many greetings passed between us. But there was a cloud on the brow of the hermit. After James had read a portion of Scripture, and opened it to us, we came around the rocky table, and, after a pause of silent thanksgiving, enjoyed the bounties of Providence. How pleasant the social meal when piety and love sweeten the enjoyment, and exercise

and bathing prepare the body to receive it. Yet we ate our bread with trembling, for we were fugitives. After breakfast, Jonas said, "Friends, you will leave us to-night. Jasmyn wishes to share your perils; and, though it may seem sudden, it is not without deep thought that I advise my young friends Jasmyn and Marian to be married here, ere they begin their journey." We all saw the wisdom and propriety of the step; 'but where,' said I, 'is the Priest?'

"If thou wishest the Friend's ceremony, here are witnesses," said Jonas; "and if thou preferest the other, Paul is a priest. But we need not be in haste; we have the day before us. I want now to tell my children what I have done and heard the past night. After leaving you I went on directly to the place where Sybil lives. I found her concerned lest Jasmyn should be implicated in your flight. 'Be assured,' said I, 'if here, he will be immediately arrested, so thou must give him up to me for a little while, and bye-and-bye he will either send for thee to a safe place, or come for thee.' 'Do as you will,' said Sybil. Then I enquired when the flight was discovered, and what steps were taken? And I will give the story in her own words. 'I told Jasmyn,' said she, 'to stay here and keep house, for if I did not go up yonder now, in the time of trouble, it would be thought strange. So I returned to the great house to stay till after the funeral, and do all I could. It was a desperate rainy evening, but I went on. Something kept saying,—there will be some missing to-night—all the way. But such a fuss and stir as there was when I got there; so many relations, friends and neighbors coming and going, there was no time for any one of them to

think about run-aways, thank God. They got the mansion in fine order by noon next day, and a great feast for the visitors—half what they came for, and the other half curiosity. Ah, me ! there was poor Master Sedley, laid out in state in the grand coffin. Better, yes, better a pine board, if but one poor slave could say ‘ he broke my chain. ’ I fear the angels shut him out of their everlasting habitations. But the folks left behind, feel better and bigger, and it seems to me they do the best they can to prove, in the face of Almighty God, that he died happy. Great Master—Dr. Woodville—come ; they say he is cruel as the evil one ; but he is a big talk man ; speaks very grand. We all were gathered to hear him pray before they carried the corpse to the long home. There he prayed—a great many set, solemn words put together, and repeated very, very slow. The mighty knows there was no more feeling in them than in the poor dead body that lay in the coffin. Well, after the funeral, the feast came on ; and while they were eating, I be-thought me of poor Master Arthur ; and then I remembered I had not seen Gibby all day. I did not think so much about Marian, for I knew she was ordered to keep her room. I went up to Master Arthur’s room and knocked. He came. ‘ Where is Gibby,’ said he ; ‘ I have not seen him to-day. I thought perhaps Uncle had employed him. Jim, the cook’s boy, brought me my breakfast, but he could tell me nothing of Gib. Where is the boy ? ’ ‘ Perhaps,’ said I, ‘ he is in Master Livingston’s room—the house is so full, I will go see ! but first, I must bring you some supper. I always had a feeling for Master Arthur. ’

“ Not to interrupt thy story, Sybil,” said I, “ what caused this feeling ? ”

"I suppose," said she, "because I loved his poor mother. She, very different from Madam Livingston, was kind to me, kind to every body ; and I think, before she died, she gained an entrance."

"But go on, Sybil, with thy story," said I.

"I went to the house-keeper," said she, "got a waiter full of the best, and a cup of coffee, and took it up to Massa Arthur's room, praying, all the way, that he might not think of Gibby. So I gives him his coffee and he says nothing, because he was very hungry, and never very suspectful. I went down, glad enough : but just at the foot of the stairs, I met Master Livingston, and heard him give orders that every servant must be in at evening prayers, to hear Dr. Woodville pray. Then I knew all would be out, and I said to myself, and I will be out of the way ; so I came off home. But Pete was in here, friend Jonas, just before you came, and told me there was a great alarm at the big house, and he says they are to have a great hunt, and they mean to get out a warrant for Jasmyn. Oh, friend Jonas," concluded Sybil, "this world got to be just like tother bad world."

The good Jonas told us this story, we knew, in Sybil's words, to divert our minds from anxious thought.

CHAPTER XVI.

Wherein the chattel still speaks for himself.

The sun was going down ; his parting rays shot down into the cavern, where a scene was now about to take place, which the hoary walls of that rude abode had never witnessed. Jasmyn and Marian were about to pledge those sacred vows, solemn at all times, but doubly so in our present situation. For other brides, a happy home, at such a season, assumes an appearance of joy and festal mirth, unknown to other occasions. The brightest smiles, the tenderest caresses, the choicest gifts are showered upon the bride ; but my sister had no home to brighten at her marriage ! for her, no tokens of friendship ! no consecrated altar ! no crowds of gay friends ! yet was Marian's no vulgar bridal, as she stood up with her betrothed, and the rays of the setting sun seemed to gather around them, while 'on perils brink' they pledged their vows. Their love stood out as it were, in more full relief from the gloom around them. There were tears in the eyes of the Fugitive bride ; such tears as angels might stoop to wipe away. As they stood in that glimmering light mingled with the dark shadows of the cave, the whole groupe would have made a fine subject for the painter. The rude, natural temple, well suited to such a bridal, the ancient hermit, Paul, with his long white locks, seated on the broad stone in the deep shade of the cave, like the realization of some old time,

myth, with the shadows of the future on his brow, and his seer-like eyes, now gazing on the young pair, now seeming to look further on than the present. The youthful pair; the past, present and future struggling within them; yet, over all, the present fulfilment of their dearest hopes—for the time triumphant; the grand, composed Jonas, his countenance ever full of a peace that the world cannot give nor take away; these would have formed a grouping worthy the highest art. The ceremony was finished, by the request of Jonas, with a silent sitting. I seated myself near the mouth of the cave; Marian and her husband sat with linked hands in deep prayer; a sweet calmness from above came over us; but suddenly I started to my feet, for I heard a distant sound like the bay of a blood-hound. I announced it to my friends.

“Merciful God!” exclaimed Marian, rising from the side of her husband.

“Fear not,” said Jonas, “Gilbert may be mistaken.”

“Hark!” said I, “the same cry, but nearer.”

“Let us fly while we can,” said Jasmyn, casting a look upon his wife that told for whom alone he feared.”

“If they are really coming,” said Jonas, “it is too late to fly; in this place we should be easily taken; our only chance is to stay where we are. This cave is not easily discovered; but I hope it is not so; certainly this is not the course they would be likely to take.”

We rolled a large stone to the mouth of the cave. Marian shrunk trembling behind her husband, fearfully listening. What a bride! the vows of love had been breathed from those pale lips but a few moments before; a few brief, sweet moments wrested from a cruel fate. Too soon

all knew I was not mistaken. Jonas, Jasmyn and myself, ranged ourselves before the mouth of the cave. And now old Paul arose, throwing his arms in the air; "I feared this," exclaimed he; "I felt the shadow fall cold upon me! I heard the howl of the hounds!" He ceased, for on rushed the dreadful sound; we could hear the tramp of horses, the mad cry of the hounds, nearer and nearer.—Marian had endured to her utmost, and fell. Old Paul raised her in his arms, and carried her back to the farthest extremity of the cave. "Leave not thy post," said he to Jasmyn, "and God help thee!" Our desperate hope was that they would not find the cave. But, oh! the blood-hound's scent was too sure. They rush up the rocky ascent, down through the opening; hounds yelling, and men more fell than they; men!—none but devils inhabiting the forms of men, ever rode on a man hunt! We defended the pass as well as we could; but in vain; we were seized and bound, and now came the worst of horrors.

"Here is the prize," said Dr. Woodville; for he was a consistent man, who lived out his religion; and, believing Slavery a divine institution, rode ahead of the hunters of men. "Here is the prize," said he, advancing where Marian, who had not come out of her swoon, was guarded by ancient Paul. "Thou shalt not have her! son of the pit!" said Paul, "She is of God!—thou shalt not have her!"

"We will see," said two or three men, coming forward. The old man now rose and stood before Marian, spreading his arms before the corner where she lay. They came on; the old man wrestled with wonderful energy, but they dashed him with contemptuous fury against the rag-

ged rocks, and one of the blood-hounds fleshed his cruel fangs in him as he lay, while these men bore off their victim. This scene, fiendish as it was, is no worse than many others on slavery's bloody records. Oh, America! the grey hairs of a premature senility of crime are upon thee, but thou knowest it not. We were all bound and carried to prison. Marian only recovered her senses to find herself and all of us fastened up in one cell for the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

The narrator again goes on with the history.

On that fatal night of the capture of the fugitives, a runaway slave who had found her way from Texas, where she had been subjected to terrible cruelties, and to the ruthless control of those dire tyrants, northern men turned slave-holders, came wandering on that desolate, lonely shore, near the cave. She was a noble specimen of the Americanized African, being of the Congo race. Her step was that of a queen, as she wandered in that wild place, though her ragged dress fluttered in the wind. Her form was replete with natural strength and dignity. An ample chest, a broad, full forehead, large, clear, black eyes, as bright as diamonds, and teeth that glittered like pearls. Pete, who had dogged the hunters, even to the mouth of the cave, and had skulked round till all were gone, saw her from the top of a hill, and superstitiously believing her a supernatural being, took himself off homewards. Pete was a lawless sort of a being, like the clowns who amused the idle great ones of olden days. He was of small service, except to cause merriment, and little heed was taken whether he absconded or staid at home. But to return to our run-away. She was very hungry, and was searching about for some roots and berries, to allay her keen appetite, when low, faint moans reached her ear. She had a warm, kind heart, and as is the case with gen-

erous natures, her own woes had increased, instead of blunting, her sensibilities. She stopped at once to listen, and taking up her bundle, she followed the sound. She clambered up the rocky eminence, leaving remnants of her wretched dress, in the way. At length she reached the cave, no longer screened from observation ; for the vine and tree had been all wrenched away by the late ruthless intruders. She soon found the opening, and pushed along through the narrow entrance. Having entered, she could see, by the pale rays of the moon, shining through the clefts of the cavern, a strange old man, with a long, white beard, lying on a bed of dried leaves. His venerable beard and grey locks, were stained with blood. His dress was torn, and wet with the life-current ; the feeble moans that had drawn her to the spot, came piteously from his failing voice. With a heart full of sympathy, she drew near the old man, and said kindly, " Master, what can I do for you ? "

" Who art thou ? " said Paul ; " God has sent thee. They took her away, and dashed me against the rock, and let their blood-hound tear me. Look here, my daughter, look, see the cruel wound." He opened his vest and displayed the place where the hound had torn his flesh. He then told his new visitant where to find some herbs ; of which, she made a wash, cleansed his wounds, and then carefully bound them up. The grateful old man then said again, " Thou art sent of God ! tell me thy name."

" My name is Cornelia ; I came from a great way off ; I do not want to tell any more than this."

" If thou feelest safe here, wilt thou stay with me a little while," said the old man ; " I have plenty of food for

thee and for me. The man-hunters have left me for dead, and they will not come here again soon."

"Yes," said Cornelia, "I will stay with you;" then added, "I would not tell you till your wound was dressed, but I am almost starved, good father. I am nearly famished."

"Go," said the thankful Paul, "go, take all thou desirest from what provision I have."

Cornelia gladly kindled a fire in a rude fire-place the hermit had constructed, and prepared herself a repast; not forgetting, before she would consent to eat herself, to feed the helpless old hermit. This done, perceiving the old man had fallen asleep, she stretched her weary form on the bed of leaves, where Marian had slept the preceding night, and was soon in a sweet and profound slumber. The sun had arisen when Cornelia awoke in this peaceful abode. It was, in her eyes, a refuge and a home, wild as it was, for she had been traveling for months, without a guide or compass. She arose, and finding the old man awake, her first care was to wash and dress his wounds. Oh! there is nothing on earth so angelic, as a kind woman softly ministering about the bed of suffering. She constantly attended him, but with all her care and skill—for God had sent his servant a skilful nurse—his fever increased. One day, when his fever was off, he said to her "Cornelia, dost thou know the Saviour?"

"Till two years ago I knew no Jesus; then an Indian missionary came where I lived, and I heard him speak the great gospel. First my heart get angry and bad to hear it; then it strive to get away from it, like a poor bird that beats against a cage; then when I found I could not get away

from the great God, I cry for mercy till Jesus make me all free."

The old man, upon this, discoursed a little with Cornelia, opening to her the faith. He then said, "my good girl, I cannot live long, though thy cares have lessened my sufferings. Lift up yonder curtain, and thou wilt find a locked box. Here is the key of it," said he, loosening a little key from a ribband about his neck. "Open the box and bring me the manuscript that lies on the top." Cornelia obeyed him. "There," said he, taking the manuscript in his hand, "are traces and traits of my past history. Thou must keep this, till thou seest Jonas Freeman, a light of God with whom thy destiny shall yet link thee in Christian fellowship. Thou wilt also find, in that box, a picture, and a few jewels; the jewels are thine; they will purchase thy freedom; use them for that. Give the picture to Aimee Freeman, after I am dead, whom I have known from a child. How often then has she laid her head, rich with golden locks, on my lap, while I told her stories of other lands. Would I could see her before I die, who was unto me as a daughter. But now, let me look upon that picture once more before I die."

Cornelia replaced the manuscript in the box, and taking out the case which contained the miniature, gave it to Paul. He looked at it, and the tears flowed down his face; but he spoke not, only motioned to Cornelia to look at it also. "Is it not an angel?" innocently asked Cornelia, for a soft, rosy cloud veiled the figure, and you only saw the face—one of those faces which have more of Heaven than earth.

"She is an angel now," said the old man. "She is my

guardian angel, and we shall soon meet in Heaven. There, you may put it back now, my hour is at hand." Towards evening, the old man grew worse, and Cornelia was so intent upon attending upon him, that she did not perceive that somebody had entered the cave, till she looked up and saw a young female whom she immediately concluded was the daughter of Jonas, of whom the hermit had spoken. Aimee, for it was she, was surprised, but glad to find Paul not alone. "I do not know thee," said she to Cornelia, "but I am glad to see thee engaged in this kind office."

"Aimee Freeman, my child, art thou come?" said Paul, as she came to his bedside.

"Yes, Friend Paul, and I thought I should find thee alone in thy misery; but I see God has sent thee a kind nurse, and if thou feelest at liberty," said she, turning to Cornelia, "I should like to know what has led thee here, and who thou art that has been sent to the aid of our friend in his extremity." Cornelia related as much of her story as she had told to Paul, and Aimee was deeply interested.

"Tell me," said Paul, "oh! tell me what has become of thy own dear father and those dear children of the Enslaved Nation."

Aimee began to weep, and it was some time ere she could command herself enough to tell what had become of the fugitives and their friend.

"I was sitting at home," said she, "expecting my father's return, but not without some presentiment of evil at hand. Dorcas said to me, 'what aileth thee, Aimee, thou art not easy in thy mind?' But we prepared his supper, and I took down a book to read to him and watched for

him from the window. It grew late, but no father came. Then came a rap at the door ; I went—it was a stranger. I knew before he spoke, he was the bearer of evil tidings. ‘Is this the house of Jonas Freeman?’ Yes. ‘Are you his daughter?’ Yes. ‘Your father is in jail,’ said the man, ‘and wishes you to come to him.’ Tell him I will, said I. I tried to speak firmly, though I felt ready to sink. I went in and told Dorcas, who was greatly moved. God is with us, dear Dorcas, said I, let us trust in the Lord. Then we had the wagon made ready, and filled it with what we thought he would need, and went to the prison. The crowd the occasion had brought together, had not dispersed, but I feared them not. I went to the cell where the prisoners were. My dear father met and embraced me. ‘Be of good cheer, my Aimee,’ said he, ‘but pray that thy father may witness to a good confession of Christ in the person of the poor slave, in this new martyr age.’ My poor father told me he had not sent for me so soon, on his own, but on thy account, Paul, and he told me that he saw thee dashed up against the rough side of the cave, and that a blood-hound mangled thee. And thus thou wast left ; and he charged me to take thee to our house, and nurse thee well.”

“The Eternal ever shine upon thee and him ; but know that my race is run ; I must not be removed. I have ever prayed for a crown of martyrdom, and lo ! it is mine ; for Jesus counts all that is done to his poor weak brethren, as done to him. But tell me, how is the poor girl I vainly tried to save ?”

“She never came out of her swoon,” said Aimee, “till some time after she was in the prison ; and she then

related strange and wonderful things, how an angel had taken her, and led her to the top of a lovely green hill, and he bade her look down from whence she was taken captive ; and she looked, and behold ! thy spirit ascended from out this cave, attended by one whom thou didst seem to joy to meet, and ye swiftly ascended through the opening heaven, chaunting praise to the Redeemer. She said, as the angel left, there was sweet music in her ears, uttering these words, ‘Twice, Thrice through the Furnace past, happy and free and saved at last.’ She appeared,” said Aimee, “to be much sustained, and I doubt not was happier than her oppressors. But now, Paul, if thou wilt not be removed, let me make thee as comfortable as I can here. I brought a light mattress in the wagon, to move thee on, and a boy came with me to help me. Allow us to place thee upon it.” With these words, she went out, and bringing in the mattress and pillow, she and Cornelia, with the assistance of the boy, placed him upon it.

“Ye are kind,” said the old man, “but my pulse waxes low, and my sight grows dim.”

“I shall stay with thee to-night,” said Aimee. The old man thanked them, and then asked Cornelia to bring him the manuscript and picture. “Here,” said he, to Aimee, are some sketches of the past ; give them to thy father. The picture, thou must keep for my sake. Thou hast kissed it when a child, and wondered at the beauty of the face. Ah ! Aimee, those eyes, as fair as thine, have wept with a sorrow unto death. That heart, holy as thine own, was broken by grief. Then let not thy trust be to escape sorrow, but lean on the Lord, who sanctifieth affliction. The jewels are Cornelia’s, to purchase her freedom ; for

the days are at hand, when this broad land, so proudly consecrated to freedom, shall become the hunting range of tyrants. Bury me on the shores of the river, children ! A sweet communion is opening in my soul, and I wish to be alone with God ! withdraw a little, but do not go very far from me, ye blessed guardians."

The two females retired a little, and silently watched the dying man. Suddenly his dying voice broke forth in a strain of music, such as they had never heard before, and singing, his breath passed away.

Aimee and Cornelia stood for some time in silence, looking upon the face of the newly dead. Years of holy retirement, of high and spiritual communion had left upon him a look that might have belonged to some ancient prophet. They then prayed together, and afterwards decently attired their departed friend. They found that mortification had already taken place in the wound, and this, as well as their own state, caused them to decide on an immediate interment. Cornelia herself went out and dug the grave of her benefactor. About midnight—the hour Paul had chosen—the two friends buried the departed. The voice of the mournful waves and the sighing winds, were his dirge ; the high, solemn stars were the funereal lights ; and the two sole mourners, who spoke not, but silently mingled their tears over his body, were worthy to weep at the grave of a martyr. When all was over, Aimee said to Cornelia, " my horse and wagon are without in the wood ; the boy, I sent back ; now is the time for thee to ride home with me unobserved." Cornelia lifted the box containing the hermit's treasures, into the wagon,

and they drove off rapidly towards what was so lately the happy home of Jonas Freeman. On their arrival, Aimee secreted Cornelia, and retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The narrator continues the story.

The morning, the clear, beautiful, animating morning appeared. When there is deep sorrow at heart, the unconscious gladness of nature sometimes oppresses us. Aimee felt something of this as she rose, as usual, with the sun, and from her window looked out on that glow which had once ushered in for her such days of innocent happiness ; but she sought renovation for her soul in prayer, and for her person in unsparing ablutions of water. " Poor father, " sighed she, " I must take him his bathing vessel ; he will not live without water. " After taking Cornelia her breakfast, she rode over to the prison. The usual calm current of Aimee's life had been broken up, but she knew where her strength lay, and this caused her self-possession and reliability. On entering her father's cell she found him alone. Jasmyn had been removed to another apartment. Gilbert and Marian, Jonas told her, had been taken away to be sold, he knew not to whom. In the course of the day, Aimee read to her father a part of Paul's manuscript, which was as follows :—

" Ah ! what avails it that thou art kind and devoted, my mother, since thou art wedded to a tyrant to whom thou dost entirely yield thy will, and makest not only thyself but me, thy fatherless one, a slave of despotic power ; a slave to him who would force upon me against my will the priestly office ?

* * * * *

How came the tyrant to have such a daughter? Was that wife who preceded my unhappy mother, like her, the victim of one who was unworthy of her love? Agnes, why did they suffer me to grow up with thee to inhale all the opening fragrance of thy soul from the bud to the blossoming; and then give the iron mandate that I should be a priest and thou a nun? well, I know that this is done to benefit his son, my own half brother; but arrogant, proud, selfish, like his father.

* * * * *

They have removed her! I have nothing of her but this picture! I look upon it! there are the eyes that have wept when I wept, and smiled when I smiled; there are the lips that spoke to me in the music of affection. And I shall see her no more! and they will make a nun of her. Yes, a nun of her!!

* * * * *

Here I am in this monastery. I have always been a thoughtful one. I have sought, beyond the ceremonies of the church, the beloved of my soul, the Redeemer. And, though my search was lonely and unaided, I have found him, who has satisfied the innate yearnings of my soul for a Saviour. And, since the anointing has fallen on me, I can see how many around me know him not. They rest in the shadow and seek not the substance. The spontaneous reachings of a soul after the Saviour are deadened by the lifeless observances in which they satisfy themselves.

* * * * *

Agnes escaped? is it possible! and, with Bertha, too, her faithful nurse. She is more heroic than I am; while

man considers, woman acts. These words are hers ; yes. hers : ‘ Meet me to-night. ’

* * * * *

It is all over ; the walls of a prison surround me ; how hideous ! how heart shuddering ! Did God ever design that man should ever build these living graves for his brother ?

* * * * *

I am accused of heresy, and of attempting to abduct a novice. Is truth heresy ? they asked me if I could not see the substance through the sign ? I said, what need of the sign when I have already the substance ? Poor Agnes ! the keeper tells me she is ill, too ill to be yet returned to the convent.

* * * * *

She is dead ! Agnes is dead ! My mother has been to see me. She came in, pale and trembling ; I fell on her bosom and wept to find myself there in nature’s home. But oh ! she held out to me a lock of hair, of long dark hair, and said: Do you know whose hair this is ? She is no more. She sent this last token. I could not speak. I sat down on my cold prison floor and wept as those weep whose heart is breaking. My mother took a stool and sat down near me. She laid my head on her lap. I felt her tears fall on my hot temples. It roused me from my selfish grief. I strove to console her: Now she has gone ; all are gone but God, who never forsakes me.

* * * * *

Father Joseph has been here. Through the influence of my father-in-law my punishment is commuted to exile. I shall go to America ; I will live there a hermit, communing with the holy ones,

* * * * *

Another visit from my mother. Ever kind, she tells me her husband has consented she should purchase for me a small life annuity, payable to whoever I may name in America. She brought me, also, a box of jewels, of some value, belonging to Agnes, left to me. My mother was pale and sick. 'Dear mother,' said I, 'thou canst not endure much more.' 'Not much more,' said she, 'parting with my dear son will kill me !'

* * * * *

Heavenly Father ! thou hast taken her ; she died last night. The strain was too much upon her poor weak heart. A blood vessel burst. Yet I have a sense of relief amidst my sorrows. I shall not leave her in the hands of her tormentor. I have none to leave behind. Are not Agnes and my mother in heaven ?

* * * * *

I am on ship-board. I have found here an American. His name is David Freeman. He is of the sect called Quakers, or Friends. There is unction in his words.

* * * * *

David Freeman is my friend ; my soul's brother. He advises me not to be a hermit ; but I have passed away from the world. Whatever is false or idolatrous in the faith of my fathers, I resign ; but never the belief of the Church in miracles, in the communion of holy men with an innumerable company of angels, and in the call of some to a life of retired devotion.

* * * * *

From the cave after a long interval. Ten years have passed in this solitude. I live in God. This cave is a

holy place of continual worship in the silence of love. David Freeman is no more on earth. But he has left behind him an inheritor of his virtues."

Here Aimee ceased to read.

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CHAPTER XIX.

In which Gilbert speaketh for himself.

When Marian and myself were released from prison, we were immediately taken back to Livingston Lawn. Master Arthur sent for me to come to his room as soon as I arrived, and told me he had purchased me as his body-servant, and that he should leave that day for New Orleans. I had expected correction; and was glad of a reprieve. I liked my new master far better than my old one; yet I still trembled for my sister. Do you know, sir, said I, what will become of my sister?

"She is to be sold to a soul-driver, for the New Orleans market. He will take her next week; it is barbarous, but I cannot help it."

Oh! good Mr. St. Vallery! said I, do have pity upon me, and ask if I cannot see my dear sister, if it is only for a moment.

"As she is now in the charge of Mrs. Sedley, Aunt Livingston's sister, perhaps I may prevail upon her to consent to it; but uncle I cannot ask."

He left the room, and soon returned with Mrs. Sedley's permission for me to see Marian, in the presence of my master. I thanked God for this answer to my prayer. We went to the room where she was confined. There she sat, with the fetters still on her wrists, and the chains on her ancles. At sight of me, tears gushed into her eyes,

and she sobbed aloud as I kissed her. Mr. St. Vallery looked on with seeming coolness, as if he paid no regard to us ; but I saw him cast a glance of pity and concern on Marian. Dear sister, said I, clasping her poor, fettered, trembling form, to my swelling heart, I must leave here this afternoon ; we may never meet again, but we have both got religion.

“ Yes, dear Gibby,” said she, “ I feel that this is all that keeps me up. Oh Jesus ! bless my brother, my own dear Gibby, and bless his master, and give *him* the sweet grace of God also.” Mr. St. Vallery spoke very quick then, as if afraid to trust himself. “ You must go, now, Gilbert ; you will make a fool of me too, if I stay here any longer. Good bye, Marian. If there is a God above, he will take care of you ; ’tis a savage thing keeping you chained thus, and if they don’t take them off, I will raise a storm about their ears.”

We then left ; my heart sunk as the key turned. Arthur went directly to Mrs. Sedley. I stood at the door, waiting. He gave her the key, and said to her, “ If you want Marian to sell for a copper, you must off with her fetters and chains. She will not look like any thing, if you do not, for she will mourn herself sick. She is none of these common, rude wenches, but has as nice a feeling of honor as you have, madam ; and if you dinna ken where she took it from, I do. If that cursed soul-driver uses her well, she may reach New Orleans alive ; if not, she will die on his hands. Mrs. Sedley told him she would have the fetters removed, but sarcastically remarked, she was glad to discern in him so much disinterested benevolence. He bowed his thanks for the compliment, and left

the room. As I was hurrying to and fro, making our preparations to leave, I met Sybil coming into the house. Poor Sybil looked many years older than when I last saw her. She took my hand, and, for some minutes, could not speak. "At last," said she, "I have come up here to try if I can see old Master, and have any thing done for my poor Jasmyn. To think how hard I worked to get him free. Many a day I went hungry, and kept thinking I should have my dear grand-child free, to comfort my old age, bye-and-bye. And when the blessed time came, how thankful I was. But now he is worse off than ever, and good Friend Jonas, too. Then they butchered the good hermit, the greatest saint that ever lived ; aye, and could see what all men's eyes do not see. I have been to the jail this morning ; there was my poor Jasmyn, in irons ! How can the just, merciful Saviour bear so long to see his children, ' bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh,' so cruelly handled ? but his ways will not be found out to-day nor to-morrow."

How does Jasmyn seem ? said I. .

"He looks real sick ; but he says, ' don't grieve, grandmother, we are happier in our souls than they can be. I had rather be a slave than a tyrant.' But the poor boy feels it, for all. Gibby, child, you don't think how lonesome my old hut looks. It seems a great cold shadow of death, there. No more good prayer-meetings in old Sybil's hut. No more sweet singers of Israel, there to praise the poor slave's Saviour. Then I forget sometimes, and hearken to hear Jasmyn's step ; then the bitter, bitter sorrow, runs afresh into my heart, reminding me where he is. I used to feel well and thankful, when I waked in the morn-

ing ; but now the grief comes back fresh when I first wake, and my darling is right before me, loaded with irons. I am afraid they will keep him there, and then sell him for his jail fees. Oh ! how I used to count that money over days, and see the little heap grow bigger, and think, well, bless God ! Now the very sight of the box, where I kept it, makes me sick. Poor Scipio looks as if he knew it all, and whines about the house. But here I stand talking, and what good does that do. Don't think I do not feel for you and Marian, I do, I do ; my heart aches all the time for you."

Good bye, Sybil, said I ; I never expect to see you again. The poor old soul wept as she turned away to seek out Mr. Livingston. That evening we left for New Orleans. After my arrival in the city, I found my soul in much more danger than my body. My new master was kind to me. He was very thoughtless, to be sure, how things went on, on his plantations, so that he had the free handling of the money. Having so recently and unexpectedly become his own master, and flush, both of youth and money, he soon became entirely devoted to pleasure, and seemed to grow wilder every day. His favorite companion was his old correspondent and former fellow-collegian, a young Texan, who, having been left heir to a handsome estate, had half run through with it, and was a desperate gambler. He was witty, and good-natured, but a poor companion for my master. Meantime my mind had but one desire, one purpose—Liberty for myself and my sister. I watched the slave auctions, and vessels, expecting to see Marian ; but I was disappointed. I feared she might have arrived some time when I could not be

there. Things went on thus. At length, one day my master came in ; he seemed unusually full of something or other, and particularly gracious to me. But that evening, he came in with intelligence that fell like a death blow, upon me.

“ Gilbert, ” said he, “ I am sorry to part with you, but it has become necessary for me to do so, and I have sold you to my friend, Louis Verney, and I have no doubt he will use you well, for, though a dissipated, high fellow, he has a very good heart.”

I thought, at the time, he had gambled me away, but afterwards found out the true reason. I was sorry to lose my kind master, especially as I knew I should not long remain with my new owner, but that he would soon gamble me away, perhaps into worse hands ; but my stay with him was even shorter than I had expected ; for just one week after, he gambled me away, as I stood behind his chair, to another young blood. This young fellow, having another body servant, did not want me ; but the next morning an uncle of his, a clergyman, calling on him at his hotel, he sold me to him. I love a minister of Christ with my whole heart, but such a burly clergyman as this, I never saw. Dr. Woodville, though wicked, was courtly ; but this man looked more fit for a corsair than a minister. He had been to the Mexican war ; called it a holy war, and prided himself on the number of poor Mexicans, who, as he said, had tasted his powder. He had that heartless facetiousness which is found in very cruel men, yet passes with many for good humor. His face was tinged with that terrestrial ‘ rosy red,’ which marked his daily familiarity with the best and most racy champagne. He was also a

great smoker. He was a very wilful person ; and, I am told in the assembly of his clerical brethren, if he could not have his own way, he would roar like a lion. This irascible divine, now became, by the law of man, not of God, the owner of the soul, body and spirit of a disciple of him of whom he professed to be a ministering servant.

CHAPTER XX.

In which Gilbert continues his narrative.

Although Marian was freed from her fetters, she was kept closely confined until the time of her departure. She was sold by her own father, at a very high price, to the soul-driver—one Nathan Sharpe, a wretch who loved the wages of iniquity, and drove his cruel trade as much for the pleasure he took in it as for the gain it brought him. After all Mrs. Sedley could say, he used Marian as he did all the rest, with as much tantalizing tyranny as was consistent with his own interest. Nathan arrived safely in New Orleans, with his human cargo. This diabolical domestic slave trade is more refinedly cruel than the foreign slave trade, inasmuch as many of the victims of the traffic, living in the more northerly slave states, have, at least, seen what civilization is, and what christianity is, and therefore feel more sensibly, this cruel degradation than the poor heathen of Africa. Religion makes them more alive to the horrors of their doom. Marian had a great dread of being exposed on the slave block; but this was prevented by a private purchaser, who offered Nathan a tempting price on condition that he should have her at private sale. This was no other than Mr. Arthur St. Vallery, who had been watching closely, ever since his arrival, for this vessel. It was on the day that he bought Marian, that he sold me, for fear that I should discover her, if retained

in his service. As soon as he had purchased Marian, he had her fetters instantly struck off. He then drove to a hotel with her, and, having selected a room, bade her await there his return. Presently after he left, a servant came in with refreshments, of which, as Marian was very hungry, she eagerly partook, though her heart was heavy and her fears great. Soon, her new master appeared with a boy bearing a large bundle and band-box. "Here," said he to Marian, handing her the band-box and bundle, "change your dress for these, and be ready when I return." She opened the bundle and box, and found an elegant suit of clothing, and a rich bonnet and shawl. She arrayed herself according to his orders. Though her new dress set off her beauty, she only wept when she saw herself reflected in the large mirror before her. Her master returned in a very short time, and handed her into a splendid carriage with an air he had never before assumed. They drove off to a certain part of the city, where many ladies of the mingled race live in great luxury. They stopped at the door of a fine house. A servant came, who received them with the utmost respect. Mr. St. Vallery then showed her all about the establishment; it was as luxurious and magnificent as taste and wealth could make it. Entering a beautiful room that looked out on a garden, with roses clustering about the windows, he asked her to sit down, and seated himself beside her. "Now, lovely Marian," said he, "this beautiful home is yours, always, if you will only give up your religious scruples, and requite, with your love, one who would win you by generosity and devotion. I never saw a white lady that had any heart; they fritter it all away by false education. Your greatest

charm for me, is the sensibility I have vainly sought for among my own race. Kind fortune seemed determined to throw you into my power. Think, from what a doom I have rescued you, and try to love me. But I must tell you the truth : I do not mean to part with you again. All the servants here are select old slaves of my father's, devoted, from their infancy, to me. To the care of two of the most trusty of them, I have particularly given you, though they will treat you as their mistress, with all deference ; nor will you be able to discover who they are. Do not think me unkind ; I am only resolved not to lose you. Masters will be here every day to give you lessons ; for I mean to have you accomplished, charming Marian. Especially your rich musical talent must be cultivated. Nor do I mean you shall be dull here. I shall take you to public places, and give you pleasant drives." Marian thought, all the while Arthur was talking, of the scene of our Saviour's temptations. " All this will I give thee," &c. Ah, thought she, now indeed am I passing through the furnace.

* * * * *

I return now to my own personal history. My new Master took me to his new plantation on the river. He was the most domineering tyrant I ever knew, but oh ! strange to tell, he could preach grandly. He had read a great deal, had strong passions, and a rich imagination, and his language was very fluent, especially when he had recently refreshed himself with wine. He was extremely popular, and made his hearers pay him handsomely, for he loved gain, because it added to his pleasures. His table was spread with every luxury. He had married, for her wealth, a woman whom he had made only less submissive

than his slaves. Yet this man would preach up giving up all for Christ, support of missions, and such matters, with great effect. I have set up in the gallery and wondered to see how the people devoured his words. He would sometimes expatiate about this country, as if this New Ninevah were the delight of the Lord, holy, honorable. The place of his feet, which he would make glorious. Surely, thought I, God has given up this generation to strong delusion, to believe a lie. All the time he kept us smarting and toiling under the lash. Many slaves were compelled to run away from his unbearable severity ; but horrible was the fate of the poor wretch who was caught and returned to him. He was inexorable, and seemed to let loose all the strong ferocity of his nature, upon his victim. He kept a pack of hounds to catch run-a-ways, whom he was pleased to style Taylor warriors. I had been there some little time, when, one Saturday night, he summoned us all, and ordered us, one and all to attend church, Sunday, as he had something to read to us, and should preach especially to *us*, and if any one of us failed to be there, or being there, fell asleep, we should receive one hundred lashes.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which Gilbert continues his narrative.

As to what was transpiring in the great world without us, on this plantation we knew nothing. Here was one continual Reign of Terror ; but, at my former Master's, I read the news-papers and knew that Congress was shaken like a political Vesuvius, with Anti-slavery agitation. My fears far exceeded my hopes. The omnipotence of the slave power was fully appreciated by me, for, it had sat as God before me, exalting itself above all that is called God, ever since I had a being. Yet I longed and panted to hear a more near and certain sound of the trump of the Anti-Slavery Evangel. But I was now a captive indeed. Sabbath morning came. As we went to church, I observed an unusual gathering about the door. There was a general appearance of excitement and animation, that depressed me at once. For triumph in the master's countenance is always a sign of sorrow to the slave. We pay for all their joys. I observed that my master, especially, was perfectly elated. We entered the house, and took our seats. My Master's text was—"For perhaps he departed from thee for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever."

"The day has arrived," said he, "when the triumph of the gospel is complete and glorious. I have often told you of its triumphs in China, in Hindostan, in the islands of

the sea. I have now to announce to you its illustrious achievements in our own beloved country. The fraternal rights of the South, so long invaded, have been vindicated and acknowledged. 'True, the Lord has removed from us our national Joshua,—General Taylor, and our Southern prophet—John C. Calhoun; but he has wrought marvelously in raising up for our Southern Israel, Webster, Cass and Clay, like a three-fold flame of fire, enfolding us round about. The Fugitive Slave Law, nourished by their words of life, is now at length baptized by the sanction of Milliard Fillimore; blessed be he. A northern man, yet a man whose name shall be handed down to remotest ages, as the man who extinguished forever, the slave's last hope of liberty, and crushed out the last spark of his political existence, by taking from him the right of trial by jury, so unjustly claimed for a chattel. Our run-a-way slaves, who have so long found protection among northern thieves, can no more insult our authority. I want you, servants, to attend while I read and expound to you this glorious law, which, if you did but know it, is as wholesome for you, as advantageous to ourselves." So saying, he read the law, expatiating upon, and explaining to us, all its accursed provisions—evincing the highest gratification all the while.

"This law," said he. "is a new and striking proof, that the children of Ham are to be servants forever. And *now*, if you run away, I will tell you your fate. If you escape the quick scent of our keen and faithful blood-hounds, if you safely thread the morasses, scale the mountains, and finally reach some northern city, there our dear northern brothers, recalled by that great Apostle, Daniel Webster, to their christian duties, shall arise against you, and return

you back to be punished with the most extreme tortures it may be our pleasure to inflict. Go into their cities—those houses, homes for them, are prisons for you, ye flying vagabonds. Go to the church, and the very priest at the altar is pledged to restore you; yea, the heads of the sanctuary shall cry, restore him to his master. Will you go to the Abolitionists?—the cowards will tell you they are peace-men, and cannot protect you. The whole amount of their resistance to the law, will be tame declarations that they will not obey it.

I admire to see how snugly the game is arranged. The peace men cry out disunion, but refuse to act politically, so that their cry is but the ghost of their discontent; the political abolitionist dares not touch the Union, or away goes his party. None of them have the hardihood to form a disunion political party, because they know the people are for the union, and as long as we have the union, our institutions are safe. Between the two abolition factions, we southerners are safe from any thing but noise; never mind their talk—hard words break no bones. The cunning creatures love excitement, but will never risk their own vines and fig-trees. We are constantly gaining on them, because they have no real earnestness in their cause and we have. Will the run-a-way go to his own people? They are a despised minority, trodden under foot of men, and the first drop of white men's blood they should shed, would rouse against them the most maddened rage of the populace. Wretched fugitive, God and man are against you! The whole military force of the nation is against you. The spirit of the nation is against you. If you flee, you will surely be returned to us, and as surely meet ex-

emplary punishment. No hope now, thank God, no hope now ! From the farthest southern plantation, I see the hitherto rebellious slave, as he hears the law thundering its inexorable fiat in his ears. I see him fold his hands in despair ! he is compelled by its iron rod to keep down his rebellious will, and submit to the lot a just God has assigned him. No more, no more shall we have to endure your increasing insolence ; the power of a great people holds you down. It is not your masters alone, but the whole nation are your keepers. I look now for great revivals and peace upon Israel. "Happy is that people, yea happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Nor should you repine at your inevitable lot, ye children of Ham, for though Christ took away the curse from all creation beside, he excepted you, as your present condition shows, still bound down by the curse of Noah. Submit then to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to this elect nation, this modern Israel, without any more struggles. And you beloved white brethren, now having your property secured, can aid more easily in evangelizing the heathen and supporting your pastor, so that you may have it said to you in the great day, ' Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Amen." I know not what my poor companions in bonds felt, while listening to this sermon, but I do know it effectually roused my whole manhood within me. I loathed the Anglo-Saxon blood within my veins, and vowed to marry only one of pure African descent. Had I not have known for myself the power of a loving Saviour to forgive sin, this man would have driven me away from the christian religion, as he stood forth its professed representative and expounder ;

but thank God, I knew better things ; I knew a Saviour who has chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. I knew who was like a brother to all mankind. I knew who had forbidden his disciples to bear rule over one another, and exercise authority, like the Gentiles. I knew who preached equal and universal brotherhood, if he preached anything. I did not mind what the man said about Ham's curse, while my soul was rich with Christ's blessing. The more he preached that law of hell to drive me to despair, the more my soul rose to strength. Christian humility is a deep submission of the soul to Christ, under a true feeling of our unworthiness and helplessness. It is not tame servility to those whom the accidents of fortune have placed above us. That servility was against true humility, exacting for man that homage due only to the Redeemer. True humility condescends to the lowly, but never fawns upon the great. Slavery, the parent of servile fear, is not adapted to bring forth true humility, because true humility is a child of the love that casteth out fear. If slaves are ever truly humble, it is because they are christians, not because they are slaves. They are usually better christians than white men, because they are more child-like and loving in their natures than the whites. I will give an instance of christian humility, that is, of a man whose will was wholly lost in God's will. A poor christian slave, whose back was never healed from stripes, was divinely impressed with a duty to go to a company of slave-holders,* who were taking the Lord's Supper, in a grove, and say to them, ' gentlemen and ladies, you are eating and drinking damnation to your own souls.' Al-

* Fact.

though this might be death to him, so entirely was his will humbled to God's will, that he performed that difficult duty. And that was christian humility !

The next day my master gave an entertainment, and brilliantly illuminated his villa, in honor of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. In front, was a transparency representing the Gods of the new dispensation of death, Webster, Cass and Clay. On one side of this was another transparency an officer, with a slave under arrest, and a clergyman, out of whose mouth came a scroll, 'peace on earth, good will to men;' on the other side were two female figures, embracing each other; back of the one was a cotton field with negroes at work; in the back ground of the other were cotton bags, and factories in operation. The motto was this felicitous transposition of scripture: "Righteousness and peace have met together—the North and the South have kissed each other."

Our master, in order to give due honor to the occasion, ordered every negro hut to be illuminated, and made us all keep holiday, or holinight. It was a *holy* night to me, for in the thickest of the fun, I made out to slip off, although an extra watch was kept. But as in the days of old, when a similar feast was held, through the drunkenness of the guards, the gates were not well kept. I know not that any of my fellow-slaves embraced the chance for escape. I dared not trust any of them with my plan. I crawled along on my hands and knees, where three or four drunken ones of the patrol were around a bowl of punch. Being a new hand, I was not known to them. I seated myself among them, without exciting much notice. Here, said I, give us something good; I have been keeping

guard up yonder alone. I have flogged two niggers I caught outside, and I am confoundedly tired. Do give me some punch and let me go back. Give him some, said one, and let him go, it will make him strong to lick some more of these d—d niggers. So I pretended to take several hearty swigs, and bidding them good night, passed on slowly, at first, and as soon as I was out of their sight, going off at the top of my speed. I traveled all that night, unmolested. In the morning, I took to the woods, scattering some fresh meat hither and thither, in order to mislead the dogs. I chose the highest of the lofty trees, and ascended to the summit. Here I fastened myself. I can tell Daniel Webster, the man who sees furthest and occupies the most favorable position for taking a true view of the slavery question, is not the statesman at his desk, but the poor fugitive, at the top of a lofty tree, his ear straining to hear, lest the fearful blood-hound be on his track, and the more fell master behind him, cruel as “the evening wolves.” I could tell him how clearly I saw from that high station, that he who achieves his own liberty is more justly a freeman, than he with whom liberty is hereditary. I would ask him by what right they who only inherit liberty, take it from him who has won it single-handed, making hounds, wolves, forests, mountains, rivers, yield to his noble will, to be Free!! No, instead of oppressing, let them learn to respect the new Heroes of a race in whom their oppressions have roused the first spark of liberty’s undying flame. In the night, I turned my course to the city of New Orleans. This may appear strange, but my plans had been long formed. I determined not to escape without

my dear sister ; and by this time, by putting things together, I surmised where she was, and in whose power.

While I was in the service of Mr. St. Vallery, we led a wild, irregular life. I often attended him to masquerade balls and to masquerading frolics, and had learnt many arts of disguise. This knowledge I designed now to put in use ; but more of this in time. There was a certain free colored man with whom I became acquainted. He was wealthy, but secret about it as a Jew, under the terror of the Inquisition. He was a sort of universal genius, in his own way ; his main business was to keep a confectioner's and pastry cook's shop. He also prepared suppers, gave balls, &c. Although he had his faults, he had one good quality, he was a true friend to the slaves. He was so cunning and shrewd, no one ever suspected him, and he had a rare tact of discovering to whom he might trust. He had the supple, thrifty humility of some Jewish pedlar. I knew that he sat up late, and after reconnoitering, and finding his family had retired, I knocked at the door of his shop, and he came. He looked surprised at seeing me, but in a suppressed voice, bade me walk in. He carefully locked the door after me. I told him at once frankly, my situation, and my plans with regard to myself and my sister. Says he, Gibby, I take you to be a prudent fellow, and think that you understand yourself, and I will help you, but you must work while you are here, and put up with a small place to work and live in.

So he took me behind the counter, and by a secret spring, opened the door of a very small room, or a sort of floored cellar ; the door on the outside was not discoverable, it looked only like a part of the wainscot ; here was

only a very small window to admit light, and that curtained. There was a little couch here, a table and chair. There were certain crevices in the wall through which I could see the customers and doings, unperceived. Here then I retired, but not till after my hospitable friend had given me a plentiful supper. The room was dismal enough, but I had such a feeling of safety when comparing it with my last night's lodging on a tree, that it seemed pleasant in comparison. I knew New Orleans was the last place in which my master would seek for me. I slept soundly. In the morning when I awoke, I thanked God, and took courage. My friend soon came in with my breakfast, and told me my business. It was to write for him, as I had gained some knowledge of writing and accounts at odd times. He was often hurried and was glad of my help. My faithful friend told me at night, that there were placards up all over the city, advertising me, and offering a large reward, and advised me to remain quiet till the heat of the pursuit was over. My protector remained unsuspected ; but one day I was much alarmed at hearing my master's voice, in the shop. He purchased some confectionery, and while my friend was putting it up, he says :

“ Did you ever see that rascal, Gibby, when he was St. Vallery's servant ? ”

“ Perhaps I may have seen him,” said my friend, “ but not to notice him much, I see so many in the run of the day. Was he a short, thick negro, and very black ? ”

“ No, no,” says his reverence, “ he is a tall, well-made scoundrel, and very light.”

“ Oh ! I guess I have seen him ; didn't he have a scar on his cheek, just below the eye, and a sort of grin, always ? ”

"No, no, you don't know him, but I am thinking he will know when I catch him, as I expect to, shortly, thanks to the blessed Fugitive Slave Law. If I could anticipate his eternal doom, I would, but I will do my best to give him a burning foretaste of it. I will make him a terrible warning to all the rest." Just then Mr. St. Vallery himself came in, and after shaking hands, for they were acquainted, he told him that he had lost his slave, Gibby.

"Indeed," said Mr. St. Vallery, "I presume he has gone to New England."

"If he has," said the parson, "the Fugitive Law will help me to head him there."

"I hear," said St. Vallery, "that public sentiment in New England, is decidedly against the law."

"Public sentiment," said the Reverend Doctor, "what is the Anti-Slavery public sentiment of New England? a mere bubble on the surface."

"While the cold heart, to dollars runs darkly the while," said St. Vallery.

"You have it," "responded the Parson, the soul of the north is with us, while the trade is good, for you know, and everybody knows that all the northerners care for, is speculation, cheating, and a brisk trade. This talk about humanity and slavery, is a sort of holiday concern with them, got up to get off speeches, sell newspapers, and garnish Thanksgiving Sermons. The politicians also make use of it, to grease the wheels of their political machinery, and although a handful of poor, sincere, lunatic rascals are going mad about it, yet every sane person in New England, lumps them up with Millerites and Mormonites; depend upon it, sir, the mass of the northerners are but

too happy to be our whippers-in, if they can but carry the trade. They may indulge a little, in their hereditary puritan cant, but the dollar is the real thing with them, after all."

Thus talking, to my great relief, the two gentlemen left the shop. The unsuspecting character of my former master, Arthur St. Vallery, was greatly in my favor now, for it never occurred to him, that I might be lurking about the city, supposing Marian to be in New Orleans. My friend soon found means, through a servant of St. Vallery's, to find out where my sister was residing. He said she was living in style, and rode out every day. My heart trembled, for fear she had lost her innocence. Among the occasional lodgers at this house, there was one who brought many choice jewels and rich goods with him. We knew nothing, but somewhat suspected his honesty. Every now and then, he would come in drunk, bring a large jug, and remain there drunk, for a day or two. I conceived a bold project, by which I could make this man's failing subservient to my design. I communicated the plan to my friend, who approved the design, because he had such an opinion of my sagacity, he doubted not that I could carry it out safely. Pursuit had ceased in the vicinity; the placards were all down. I heard just then most opportunely that Mr. St. Vallery was gone from the city for a few days. I immediately put into play the masquerading skill which I had acquired, by using a kind of wash which gave to my face a reddish tinge, and putting on a wig of straight, black hair, I being naturally tall and straight, transformed myself into a tolerable Indian. I was very imitative, and readily counterfeited the Indian manner. I also wore a

slouched hat pretty well down over my eyes. So disguised I put within a large market-basket a smaller one, with some fine fruit, and a note inside counterfeiting St. Vallery's hand-writing, directed to Marian, saying that a traveling merchant would be there, that she must be ready to see him alone, as he would be the bearer of a particular message from him, and some rich jewelry for her to look at and purchase if she pleased. Then I covered, and sealed down the basket, directing it to the house where she lived. Thus equipped, I went into the street, took a few turns, went into a market, bought a few little matters, and put them into my large basket; then going out, called upon a boy who seemed to be hanging about the purlieus of the place, and said, here is a gentleman wants you to take this small basket to Madam St. Vallery, such a street, (naming the place.)

The boy went one way, I took another, and had the satisfaction to see him deliver it at the door. I never before or since wanted to see a man drunk, and I did not then so desire it, but what I would have prevented it if possible, though my scheme had failed. But in he came about the middle of the forenoon, went up to his room with his pack and jug, and was soon in a profound sleep. I left my hiding place cautiously, went softly to his room, took his pack and traveling coat and went to my sister's, a spruce traveling merchant with immense whiskers, green spectacles; in short, completely disguised. Oh! how my heart beat with apprehension. But my chief fears were for my sister. If her faith had failed her, if her purity had gone, life was henceforth a blank to me. These fears increased when I came to the fine mansion where she now lived, and when

the servant, with respect, ushered me into the richly furnished apartment where his mistress was. She was practising at her piano when I went in. She appeared entirely unconscious who I was, but received me pleasantly. But as she was looking at the jewels, I took off my spectacles, and looked up earnestly in her face. She knew me at once ! the blood forsook her face ; but she rallied with admirable self-control, suffering not a word to escape her lips ; I felt she was true. I slipped a note into her hand and a phial ; I also left her, nicely done up in paper, as if it were one of the rich silks I had brought in, a masculine dress ; then silently lifting up my hands to God, I took up my pack and went back to my retreat, took off the pedlar's pack and coat and restored it to its place, and went zealously about preparing for my flight. My dear sister afterwards gave me this account of what took place after I left her ; I give her own words.

“ I had now,” said she, “ to pray, as only those pray who are in extremity. Before, I had escaped under your direction, dear Gilbert ; but now, my first steps must be taken alone. I knew from St. Vallery, that two of the servants were particular spies upon me. I had observed carefully and found out who they were, though he told me I could not. My first business was to get rid of these, without either spy knowing that the other was absent. So I called one of the spies, who was both house-keeper and laundry woman, about evening, and says to her: ‘ Do, Aunt, put my drawers and closets and boxes in nice order, and if you see a stitch wanting in any thing, repair it, for Mr. St. Vallery comes home to-night, and I am going a journey soon.’ Then when she was fairly engaged in the work, I

said: 'There, Aunt, I forgot to show William about those flowers.' Away I ran down to the kitchen; there was the other spy, I said to him: 'I entirely forgot till this moment that Mr. St. Vallery may return this evening in the cars and will expect you to be at the depot.' I tried not to tell any wrong stories about it, but kept as near the truth as I could.

"Where is Mrs.——?" said the man.

"Oh! Aunt? she is up stairs with me, do hurry." As soon as he was gone I ran on, gave directions to William, to be as good as my word, and then went to the summer house, locked the door, colored my skin with the stuff in the phial, put on my masculine dress, threw my clothes in a large pond, and then scaled the garden wall. This was the substance of her story. Judge my joy when my dear Marian entered the little room where I was. Joy, gratitude and fear struggled within us. But we were obliged to suppress every feeling.

I was to pass as an Indian Doctor, going north with my brother, with roots, herbs, medicines, &c. As my mother had been a doctress, I had no difficulty in setting up in my new profession. Our passage had been engaged by our friend, in a vessel bound to Philadelphia. The vessel was to sail that night, as the wind was fair and the cargo nearly all in. We went on board at ten o'clock, and at twelve the vessel sailed. We had a rough passage, which was an excellent thing for us, as sea-sickness gave us a good excuse for keeping still in our births. When we could have a few moments alone, we improved them in pleasant mutual conference. I found that my sister had been wonderfully preserved. She said St. Vallery had treated her

with great consideration and delicacy. She believed God had governed his conduct, in answer to her prayers. But she told me this last time he went into the country, he told her, before he went, that he had hitherto taken no advantage of his position, because he hoped to win her to love him ; but he should no longer indulge her whims and superstitions as he had done ; that she had been in his house for a long time, and he had not received from her even the indulgence of one word indicating affection, and he believed her superstition was in the way of her happiness. She told me, the very morning I came, she had been pondering what to do, and being much deprest, had sought relief from music, when I came in. On arriving at Philadelphia, we got a directory, and found where a certain friend lived, whom I had seen at the house of Jonas Freeman. We immediately proceeded to the house. Never shall I forget the mild, benignant aspect of the woman who herself received us at the door. In a few words we told her who we were. She left us in the hall a few moments and returned with her husband. "Come in—you are with friends," said he. I never can describe, in suitable words, the sympathy of this affectionate family. Our friends told us it would be most safe for us to leave the city that evening, as the place was full of excitement about the new law, and many kidnappers were abroad. They took us at once into their family circle. My sister retired, and returned in woman's attire. The females now regarded her with great sympathy. Oh ! said the mother, what a country is this. when a young, lovely female like this, who requires so much tenderness, must be driven like a timid fawn, flying from the chase before the face of

this cruel law ; and yet how choice of their own are the persecutors. One of the daughters, who seemed to be a person of much religious reflection, observed that often-times the Sacred Seers, prophesying of one nation and time, have an embryo-reach, or reference to another nation and people, yet to be ; and she could not but feel that many ancient scriptures and prophecies, have respect to this country, in that way ; the youngest, and for its age and circumstances, the most corrupt, and probably the last of human Empires. “ This passage,” said she, turning to Obadiah 4th verse, certainly seems to contain a striking reference to our new Assyria :—“ Though thou exalt thyself as the EAGLE, and set thy nest among the STARS, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.” Here is another passage which shows how the Lord regarded the mingled cruelty and selfish domestic affection of the Assyrian tyrants, and be assured he thus regards the selfishness and cruelty which marks our American policy, in our Florida and Mexican wars, and our Fugitive Slave Law. The passage I refer to, is in Habbakuk, and though spoken of the Assyrian Lion, will apply to that bird, “ sharp of beak and strong of pinion,” which flapped its wings over the burning bones of infants, and virgins and matrons, at Monterey and Vera-Cruz ; the passage reads thus :—“ The Lion did tear in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses, and filled his holes with prey, and his dens with ravin.”

These friends were fond of studying phrenology ; they showed us many pictures of modern great men ; among them, of one adversary of our race. But I could not but observe the shape of the eye, like that of the cat kind, and its sleepy ferocity, like that of a tiger at rest.

Too soon the hour arrived when we were to leave this sympathizing family, for a world armed against us ; for these are the days when the brother shall betray the brother to death. Poor Marian looked pale and affrighted, but these good people said all they could to comfort her. They gave us a letter to a hospitable colored family in New York. They gave us money and clothing and their blessing. We then sat awhile in silent prayer, which we found to be sweet and seasonable ; and taking our leave, were soon on our way to the great and wicked city of New York, where pride and poverty, luxury and wealth are struggling together in fierce spiritual collision, so that the smoke and heat of the contest makes thick and heavy the air our spirits breathe. On arriving, we drove to the house of the colored friends. We found, to our alarm and regret, that the family had sold out and gone to Canada, having been threatened with a law-suit, being suspected of aiding fugitive slaves. We then went to the Anti-Slavery Office, and inquired of one of the friends there for a quiet, safe boarding-house, without daring to disclose, even there, who we were, but only representing ourselves as strangers. We were not prepared for our disappointment, and did not know the right course to take. We were directed to the house of Mrs. —, on — street. Nothing could exceed the excitement which existed among the unfortunate colored population of this Western Babylon. The American Eagle was hovering over their homes, just about to make a stoop to seize the first victim of the Fugitive Slave Law. Some were filled with dismay, some roused to heroism ; some quickened their vows to the Lord.

CHAPTER XXII.

The narrator continues the story.

The time for Jonas and Jasmyn to be tried for being concerned in the escape of the slaves Gilbert and Marian, from Livingston Lawn, was near at hand. They were both, at the time of their flight, the slaves of Mr. Livingston, who brought the action. Mr. Livingston wrote to his nephew, to whom he had become quite friendly again, to be there at the time of the trial to witness against Jonas, as he knew several circumstances relating to former transactions of the kind in which Jonas had been concerned. He received from him the following reply, written by an amenuensis, and dated from a little village.

“*Dear Uncle*,—Coming down here on a pleasure excursion, I was taken very ill with a fever. I was recovering, but have heard news which has thrown me back. Marian has escaped ; it is supposed she ran away with her brother Gilbert, who has been missing for some time. He ran away from the Reverend Doctor —. This gentleman has gone to California to recover some land which became his for some service in the Mexican war. I actually hope Gibbey’s master will never retake him, for his cruelty is proverbial ; but as to Marian, I know not how to give her up, but am as yet sick, and undecided what steps to take. I will try to be there at the time of the trial, al-

though I believe the escape of the slaves was perfectly voluntary. ARTHUR ST. VALLERY."

To this letter, Mr. Livingston replied by urging Arthur to avail himself of the fugitive slave law, and volunteering to act for him. Although Arthur's better feelings told him it was wrong, his strong selfish passion prevailed, and he took the most downward step he had ever yet taken, and writing to his Uncle, gave him power to act as his agent for the recovery of the beautiful and unfortunate slave. Mr. Livingston, who had not so much flesh left in his heart even as his guilty nephew, but was petrified to solid slaveholding stone, not only undertook to subject his own daughter again to slavery and vice, but this man, this father, unsolicited, extended his rapacity to his son, and took out a warrant for Gilbert, also thinking that his master would give a large reward for him, having the slave-holders' conventional idea of justice, that every slave should be in his master's hands. He thought no more of Gilbert than of many other slaves on his plantation, who bore the same relationship to him; he only looked upon him as a more marketable slave than others. The slave breeding States contain many examples similar to this of Mr. Livingston. They make a gain of their licentiousness and think no more of selling their own tender offspring, than a hog or a sheep, regarding them only as a means of increasing their wealth. The worship of Moloch is renewed by these men, only that slavery is the Demon. They cause their own children to pass through the fire, regardless of their shrieks of torment. It shall be more tolerable for Heathen Assyria, in the day of judgement, than for this nation. They have been favored with every civil and religious blessing, and have turned

the very sweetness of Christ's mercy to them, into gall for the poor cruceified slave to drink. There is a strange delusion on the heart of this people, which makes them as blind as Jewry in the days of Christ, to their blasphemous and wicked position as a nation. The mill-stone is about their neck for their offences against Christ's little ones, yet they cry, "the Lord is for us." Lord, open their eyes !

CHAPTER XXIII.

The narrator goes on with the history.

* There was living in New York at that time a female monster, a she-kidnapper, Mrs. ——. She had made a little fortune from the wages given her for this treason to God and man. Worse than all, this traitor was a colored woman. She was a great professor of religion, and had a very soft, meek, sanctified manner. She had not lived in New York when she acquired her property, but removed there afterwards; very few had any suspicions of the manner in which her wealth was acquired, and the few who surmised the truth did not dare to breathe their suspicions. She went about, therefore, a wolf in sheep's clothing. She was born at the South, and brought up in a rich southern family. For betraying some of her own people, she had received her freedom. Since that time she had been frequently employed in similar service. Nor is she, I fear, the only paid colored Judas in these times. She had a large circle of acquaintance, and had a faculty for drawing out information from people. She was well known to all the kidnapping gentry who infested the city. One Sabbath evening, this woman sat at her luxurious table, a most splendid silver tea service before her, when one of those contemptible looking persons entered, whose very look shows "the meanness bursting through."

* Such a character has been pointed out to me.

“Good evening, Mrs.——” said he. Have you learned any thing of the persons I mentioned to you? ”

“Dear me, sir,” said she, “I never like to attend to any worldly business, on the Blessed Sabbath, but in a case of necessity you know, we do not sin ; so sit down, sir. I think I can give you a little help, but times are hard, and I am in great want of a little ready money.” The man took out a well filled purse, “here ” said he, handing her the money, “is what we stipulated for, if you could find out these people, but have you found them? ”

“Oh ! yes, sir, of course, or I should not ask for my pay ; but I makes it a rule to be paid before I give any information. I must be quick, for I told Sister Mowbery, I would go to meeting with her to-night. This morning I stepped into Mrs. ——, as the church was not open. She always knows all the news. She was full to-day, about this new law, and very high against it, and says I to her, carelessly, “I wonder if there are any new fugitives arrived ? poor creatures, how I do pity them.”

“Oh ! yes,” said she, “two came into the city, last night.”

“Men, I suppose,” said I.

“No,” said she, “a man and a woman.”

“I should like to see them,” said I, “I might give them some assistance.”

“I will tell you where they are,” said she, “but you must not whisper it.”

“No, indeed,” said I. She then told me where they were, and I went directly to the place. The woman of the house, though she is acquainted with me, was very close and mum about the matter. I told her she need not

be so private, I came to bring some money for the poor things. She said I might leave the money if I pleased, it might do good to somebody. I left her and went to meeting and had a blessed season, and after meeting, I picked a little more out of the first woman, as we walked home together from church. She said the fugitives were to leave Monday evening ; so all you have to do is to be ready for them.

"I love the white people, sir, I always did. I think the slaves are better off where they are. 'Tis all these Abolitionists stirring up the slaves, but praise the goodness, this new law will put a stop to their work, and then we shall have peace, blessed peace, as my good book says. I don't want to hurry you, sir, but the bell is ringing ; I wish you good luck, sir," said she, as she aided her guest to the door.

The reader perceives by this time the danger that hung over Gilbert and Marian. Monday morning, as they were sitting in Marian's room, they talked over their plans.

"I have spoken for a carriage to take us to the cars this evening," said Gilbert, "but my heart failed me when I did it, and something seemed to say, don't go this evening."

"And why do you go, brother ; mother always told us to give heed to such intimations."

"Because, my dear sister, I am afraid to stay here. This woman where we board told me yesterday, she knew from the first that we were fugitives, and I do not like that other woman's leaving money for us. We ought to have reported ourselves to the Vigilance Committee, but we were confused at not finding the family we were directed to."

Marian sat looking thoughtfully while her brother thus spake ; her eyes had that full look they always wore when her soul was overflowing.

“What are you thinking of, Marian,” said Gilbert.

“I am thinking,” said she, “of those words from our angel mother, spoken to me in the Glen, and in the Prison again. Twice, thrice through the furnace past. Happy and free, and saved at last. I have been through the furnace but twice yet, once when we first escaped, twice when we left New Orleans ; I must go through thrice.”

“Dearest sister,” said Gilbert, “do not be sad or superstitious ; perhaps the third time refers to your death, which we must all pass through. I would go out now and try to see some of the friends, but I stepped down street just now to speak for the hack, and a mean, suspicious looking fellow, followed and watched me. I think our safest way, on the whole, is to keep here still, till evening, and then run the risk of getting off in the cars.”

It was a long day of agony for the poor fugitives. At length the hour came for them to leave. With beating hearts, with anguish, which none can tell but those who have endured it, they entered the carriage. But the driver was bribed, the mean looking man who had watched Gilbert in the morning, was the Sunday visitant of the she-kidnapper. Instead of driving them to the cars, he stopped at a bye-place, where they were surrounded by armed men who rushed into the carriage, and gagged their victims. They took them off without daring to risk even the villainously easy process of the new Law, being afraid of a rescue. They were literally kidnapped. Ah ! where were their golden hopes of liberty ! They were in utter despair.

The ruffian kidnappers urged on their way, day and night, until they reached the town of —, and were conveyed again to the prison, where Jonas and Jasmyn were still in bonds.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The narrator continues the story.

We return to tell what had befallen our old friends during this period. Cornelia, we left under the care of Aimee. Aimee kept her hidden, while she converted the jewels into money, and carried on a negotiation with her master, which ended in the purchase of her freedom. Just about this time, the Jailer, who lived by himself, wanted a female assistant, and Aimee thinking to benefit her father, and inwardly guided thereto, took Cornelia into her room, one day, and said, "I have had a very pleasant occupation with thee, Cornelia, teaching thee to sew, to read and to write, but now I think an opportunity is opened for thee to do us all good in return. I learned yesterday, that the jailer had lost his female assistant, and is seeking for another. He is a man of good morals, and I have found him more kind than I expected. I do not wish him to know much concerning thee, but go and offer thyself as a domestic, to him. There is a look of capability about thee which will recommend thee at once. But if he requires it, show him thy free papers, and the recommendation I procured from thy master. Thou may'st do much good to my father, and to others. Poor Jasmyn is sick of the jail-fever; thou art skilful, and may help him."

Cornelia followed this advice, and had been in her new situation but a week, when again, followed by a hooting

mob, who shouted "Huzza for the Fugitive Slave law," Gilbert and Marian entered those iron gates, which they feared would never again open for them, but to consign one to cruel tortures worse than death, and the other to brutal violation of the chastity dearer than life. They were thrust into one cell. They sat down together. As well as their chains would permit, they embraced and wept.

"Pure angel," said Gilbert to Marian, "I could have died to save thee, but what am I against a nation. This nation has decided that thy virtue shall be violated, or thy chaste body tortured to death. They have decided that because I wanted to be a man, I should suffer all that tyranny can inflict. They stand up and boast themselves free. So did tyrannous and heathenish Rome. Have they not hunted their red brethren with hounds? have they not rained fiery bombs on Mexican women and children? I hope for no mercy from them."

As he said these words, stung by the oppression "which will make a wise man mad," the door opened, and Cornelia appeared bringing their food. To Gilbert, her appearance was like the advent of an angel. There was something in her serene, free and glorious eye, that sent healing life through his soul, and calmed at once the tumult within. What a moment for love to spring up in the heart, till then a stranger to its power. But it was *there*, and with it a presentiment that Cornelia was to him the morning star of a better destiny, after that deep night of sorrow. How radiant is goodness, wherever it dwells, whether in black or white! her pure rays declare the indwelling God; and the soul gazes and is refreshed by the still gliding waters of eternal life. From that instant, Gil-

bert's heart revived. It was Freedom to him, to look at the noble Cornelia. Cornelia stopt a few moments and conversed with them. She told them of Jasmyn's sickness. This deeply afflicted his tender wife. How trying ! her husband, whom she loved so truly, so near her, and sick perhaps unto death ! "this is worst of all," said she, after Cornelia left them. Her brother tried to comfort her, in vain ; she could bear no more, and wept till she fell asleep from exhaustion. Gilbert counted the hours till Cornelia came again with their food, and when she appeared, forgot the fetters and the prison. Cornelia told Marian her husband knew she was in the prison, and besought her not to grieve for him, even if he should die. "But I think," said Cornelia, "he will get well ; he has good nursing."

Aimee came that day, to visit her father, as usual.

"Aimee," said Jonas, "thou wilt grieve to know that they have hunted down the poor children Gibby and Marian ; they are here in irons. I see no hope for them or for Jasmyn, for even if he lives he will be sold for his jail fees. My soul is sorely pressed, my Aimee, with grief for the enslaved nation, yet still I feel the Everlasting arms under me."

"Father," said Aimee, while the tears hung like sparkling chrystals from her long lashes, "how often hast thou told me that 'man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Be not discouraged, I see a rainbow looming up over this storm. The voice of Jesus comes very soft and quieting to me while our barque is being tossed on these billows. 'It is I,' be not afraid."

After visiting her father, she wanted to see the other prisoners, but was not permitted to at that time. She then

went to see Sybil. The door of the hut was opened and there sat Sybil, listlessly patting the head of her dog. Her old eyes were almost blind with weeping. That spot, once the seat of cleanly comfort, looked desolate and neglected.

“How are you, mother?” said Aimee. “See, I have brought you some nice tea, such as you love, and some other good things!”

“Thank you, dear lady,” said Sybil, “you are very kind, always was; but Sybil see no more good, she most done, cannot kill her many more times. This poor old hut, I thought I could sell it to pay Jasmyn’s jail fees, but the white man cheated me and I cannot sell it; it is his when I die, and that will be soon.”

“Be calm, good Sybil,” said Aimee, “trust in God; Jasmyn may escape.”

“What if he does escape,” said Sybil, “it is of no use, they will hunt him down till he dies! Poor Gibby and Marian. I heard the mob last night; I was coming from prison; I saw the poor fettered lambs. Ah, where is God, the great good God! ah, he hide himself a dreadful long time from his poor black people, but let me tell them he comes, he comes bye-and-bye. I saw him last night in deep sleep, and he chased this wicked nation before him like a rolling thing, and from his cloudy garment came such dreadful lightnings that I said, ‘who shall live when he doeth this!’”

CHAPTER XXV.

In which Gilbert again appears in person, speaking for himself.

“She comes ! she comes ! my chosen one,
The bright-eyed daughter of the sun ;
The life that in that bosom glows,
The pale oppressor never knows ;
None of the dwindling Saxon race
Can match her free and vigorous grace ;
Though sable skin her form may shroud,
An angel dwells within the cloud.”

The reader has been told of the new change that had come over me. It seemed to me, when I entered the prison, the tenth wave of affliction was breaking over me. But God sent to me Cornelia, like the angel of his mercy. Jasmyn's anxiety for his wife, had produced an excitement, favorable to his recovery, and he was now convalescent. Cornelia now began to prepare for the execution of a scheme she had formed for our deliverance. She barely told us such a design was in her mind, but said she felt if she told any one the details of her plan, she should lose her faith, and should not succeed. She consulted with us, as to our route, dress, &c., and procured for us the necessary habiliments. But not even to Aimee, did she confide the means by which she proposed to execute the scheme, but only requested her not to leave her father that night, but remain with him in the prison ; as she was often permitted to do so, when he was unwell. “For,” said she,

"I shall feel strong if you are here." I told her if she could help us, I should be glad, but conjured her not to do this, if she must share our dangers, and risk the liberty so wonderfully obtained. To which the generous girl only replied, "Gilbert, there is no other way, but for me to share your danger, and I am willing to leave my fate with God, while I am doing his will, and setting free you and Marian, and her husband ; so you must talk no more, but let me do my work."

When Cornelia lived in Texas, an old Indian used often to come to her master's, who was in much esteem among his people, as a prophet and a doctor. He was well skilled in nature's lore, and understood the nature and virtues of plants. Cornelia showed him all the kindness her active, loving nature prompted towards every one who came in her way. He, in return for the many good offices she did him, communicated to her many secrets of his trade, and made her an herb doctress. Among the rest, he taught her to prepare a powerful but innoxious anodyne, which he called the sleepy charm. It was to this she owed, under Providence, her own deliverance from slavery. The jailer was accustomed to eat a late supper and to take two or three cups of strong coffee. Cornelia would often take some also to the men who kept guard. She infused her anodyne into this strong coffee, and they all drank freely of it, without any suspicion, on the evening of our flight. She had observed where the jailer kept his keys, and as soon as she saw him effectually asleep, she secured them, and after reconnoitering about the prison, and finding them all asleep, she came and unlocked our cells. We were all equipped for flight. It was agreed that it was

safest for us to take different routes, though finally to meet at one place. Also, we concluded it best that Jasmyn and Cornelia should travel together, and Marian and myself were to take a course over the mountains. I prepared to appear in our old disguise, if needful; Cornelia and Jasmyn were to go as master and servant. Jasmyn was nearly as white as Master. Cornelia, drest in a green frock coat, trousers, and jockey-cap, being naturally athletic and graceful, was not so easily detected in her disguise, as other women might be, for her habits of life had been more like those of the other sex, and calculated to produce a healthy, robust constitution; yet her nature was so truly feminine, that it softened those traits which had otherwise rendered her less lovely as a woman. Marian and Jasmyn had not met before since their first capture, on their memorable bridal evening. It was a tender, but silent meeting, for we dared not speak a word, for fear of alarming the other prisoners. For myself, I experienced a variety of emotions. I saw the generous Cornelia about to share with us the terrible risks of a run-a-way, increased ten-fold by the new law. While from my soul I admired her magnanimity, I could not bear she should thus risk her new found freedom. Silently and softly we left the prison, under her conduct, and passed the guard, soundly sleeping under the influence of her magnetic potion. I thought of the angel who opened the gates for the apostle! On the outskirts of the town, we parted.

“Not so they part in peaceful times,
The lovers of a happier race,
As we in peril’s fearful hour,

At our appointed place.
Oh ! strong the love that springs up there,
And grapples with our heart's despair ;
Yet not a word we dared to speak,
Lest even the traitor bush should tell ;
And the hot tears upon the cheek,
Was all that said farewell !!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

The narrator resumes the story.

Aimee and Jonas aided the fugitives by counsel and by giving them letters to their friends. After taking an affectionate leave of them on the evening of their flight, she returned to her father's cell to pass the night with him. She had provided a little couch for herself to use on such occasions. Jonas felt so intensely for them that she feared it would injure him, and sat by his side till Cornelia came, unlocked the door, and gave her the silent signal they had agreed upon. Cornelia then went on leaving the door slightly ajar, not feeling as if she could turn the key on her friends. At her father's earnest request, Aimee lay down on the couch to rest. Let us leave her asleep in that sweet peace "which goodness bosoms ever," and look in at Livingston Lawn.

On the evening of this eventful night, Arthur St. Vallery arrived at his uncle's seat. He found Mr. Livingston absent. His aunt was indisposed, so that he saw neither of them. The sight of the library where the dreadful tragedy had occurred, deeply affected him. During his recent illness, his sinful life had troubled him. He even almost resolved to give up the beautiful slave, whom, with all his wealth, youth and personal attractions, he had been unable to seduce from virtue ; often on his sick bed her image seemed to rise before him. He saw the languor of deep settled

sorrow in her gentle eyes : he heard her pleading voice, and execrated his own selfishness and tyranny. But with returning health, these feelings gave place to the habitual domination of passion, and when he heard of her escape, he was almost beside himself. It was at this time he first wrote to his uncle, and soon after received in reply, his uncle's offer to act as his agent, and use the power of the Fugitive Slave Law to recover her. He hesitated ; the nobler feelings of his nature revolted at the step, but his education as a slave-holder, came in to the aid of his selfish passion. 'She is my slave,' said he, 'I have a right to her ; perhaps on her return, she will be more humble and submissive. I hate the spirit of this law, but for once I will use it. The foolish girl, to oppose her own good fortune.' He then wrote and accepted his uncle's offer, who gave him notice that the fugitives were discovered, and about to be arrested, and he would undoubtedly find them in prison on his arrival. But after St. Vallery had taken that downward step, he lost his own self-respect, and harassing stings of conscience continually tormented him. He saw the amiable Marian, in the hands of her kidnappers ; he saw her chained and driven by a mob to prison ; he saw her brother about to be delivered to a tyrant, who would spare no ingenuity of torture, and he felt himself a base, dastardly tyrant. His perturbation increased the nearer he drew to her place of confinement, and when he arrived at Livingston Lawn, no wonder the remembrance of what had transpired there, completed the horror of his mind. He slept none that night, and rising at early dawn, he took his horse and rode to town, resolving to see the jailer, and have Marian placed in a more comfortable situation till he

was ready to remove her. He had not apprized Gilbert's master, of his probable arrest, as he had been requested to by his uncle, for he was secretly determined to give him a chance to escape. He hitched his horse at the end of the street leading to the jail, and walked up. He was surprised to find the outer gate open so early, and the guards asleep, but he passed on. He entered the house ; it reminded him of ancient legends where some potent enchantress' wand has locked all in magic sleep. The high, dim lamps, glimmered in their sockets, as he passed through the long, gloomy passages. Thought he, it is possible they have escaped ; and something like a weight passed off his heart. As he went on, he heard the low, continuous sound of a human voice ; it was the voice of a female in deep prayer ; following the sound, he came to a room the door of which was partly open. By the early morning light streaming down through the grated windows, he beheld a female bowed in supplication, and beside her, a venerable man, who joined with her in her devotions. There was a voice within that voice, that reached his inmost soul, and pierced through and through that long closed heart. " Oh, Saviour," said the suppliant, " shall the man of the earth always oppress ? Look thou on the poor fugitives, and be to them a very present help in trouble. By all those precious sufferings of thine which link thy greatness with our weakness, and touch thee, even thee, with human sympathy, look on the Enslaved Nation ! Are not all hearts in thy hand, and canst thou not turn the heart of the oppressor, and wilt thou not do it ? Be very gracious to our friends who left us last night ; be their guard by day, and by night. And for us who voluntarily

remain, help us to bear a good testimony before the council, speaking in the spirit of Thee our Father. Let them take away our earthly goods, and even our earthly life. Father, thou art our good and our abiding life. Yet, Father, forgive us that we weep while we pray, for we weep not for ourselves alone ; we sorrow even unto thee for the poor slaves. We weep for very anguish, and brokenness of heart. Father, suffer us to weep." Here her voice choked with sobs, but an involuntary movement made by St. Vallery, caused Jonas to turn his head, and he beheld, to his astonishment, a stranger standing just within the room. " Who art thou," said Jonas ?

" I am a sinner, and the greatest of sinners," said St. Vallery. " Like Saul I have been ' haling men and women to prison.' Like him, a light above the brightness of the sun, has struck down my pride. Oh ! pray for me ! pray for me ! I am Marian's guilty master. No tongue can utter what I have suffered the past week. I must return now ; I cannot stop. But of one thing be assured, the poor fugitives from this prison shall not be pursued. I shall be quick, to prevent it. From this moment, Marian is free. With these words he went away, passing out as he came in, and re-mounting his horse, returned to Livingston Lawn. Mr. Livingston had returned, and received his nephew as if nothing had ever taken place of an unpleasant nature between them. He observed that he was very serious ; but that seemed very proper, as this was the first time they had met. But after breakfast, Mr. Livingston began to talk with him about the impending trial, and Arthur at once requested him to withdraw the suit.

"Now, if ever," said his uncle, "we must maintain our rights. I hope you will give evidence in this trial, that Gibby was my slave, and will testify against the general character of Jonas Freeman, as a known abettor of insubordination, among the slaves. You know several facts about it."

"Indeed I cannot, uncle," said Arthur, "especially as I do believe that the escape of the slaves was voluntary in this case. I had resolved to have nothing to do with it, before I left home, and only came to recover Marian."

"You do not seem aware," said his uncle, "of the crisis we are passing through. Jonas Freeman deserves to be made an example of. I think he has had a hand in the escape of run-a-ways, for the last twenty years. I am rejoiced he is caught at last. But as to the slaves: I suppose Jasmyn will be sold for his jail fees. Marian you will take. I suppose you have written to the Doctor, about Gibby."

"Sir," said Arthur, "As I live nearest the Doctor, I will take charge of Gilbert, and will pay you over to-day, if you wish it, the reward offered for his apprehension."

"That would be a great convenience," said Mr. Livingston, "at present; but you must take care he does not run away before his master lays his hands on him again. I think he ought to be speedily returned to him; he is a dangerous and audacious fellow."

How differently all this sounded, in the ears of Arthur, from what it had done before. The great work had indeed begun in his soul.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The narrator continues the story.

Arthur St. Vallery returned that forenoon to the prison. The jailer, who was now broad awake, met him at the door, not dreaming that he had been there before. He met Arthur with a ready coined story. He came forward with a rueful face, one arm in a sling, and one of his eyes bound up.

"Is this Mr. St. Vallery?" said he.

"Yes, good morning, sir; how came you hurt?"

"There was not half strong guard enough, sir, and the niggers have got away. I want no drunken men to guard such fellows as that Gibby, and about all the guard were drunk. We had a terrible scuffle."

"You need not trouble yourself at all," said St. Vallery. "I have not the least doubt you did your duty."

"I did," said the jailer, "and you put out a good handsome reward, and I have no doubt they will be brought in to-day."

"No hurry," said St. Vallery, "we are sure enough."

"Yes," replied the jailer, "that new law makes all difference; pretty hard law, though, upon the poor niggers."

Arthur found the jailer agreeably disappointed at his indifference, though somewhat marveling at the cause of it. The truth of the story was this: When the jailer first came to himself, he rubbed his eyes, and said, "I wonder

why that jade Cornelia has not waked me before, 'tis broad day ;" looking out at the window as he was dressing, he wondered to see one or two guards asleep. Going down, he met one of the guard, and says, " what does all this mean ? "

" Mean ? " said the man, " It means that the devil has been here, stolen the keys, and let out them niggers. "

" Ah, you rogue, " said the jailer, " you have been drunk. I found my keys in their old place ; but I read the riddle now. ' This is all Cornelia's work ; I'll go look in the kitchen ; I'll bet she's gone with them. "

He went, and soon returned.

" She's gone, " said he, " I wonder what I was thinking of, when I hired that jade, Cornelia ? I might have known by the look of her eye, she was up to any thing. A fine scrape we shall have, when their owner comes, and he passed through town last evening. But how she got them keys, and put them back again so snug—that's the mystery. I believe she is a witch, and bewitched us all, for look, how we all slept. " He then went on and examined the cells. He found the cell where Jonas was, open. He was alone, for Aimee had gone to carry the news of the escape to Sybil.

" How came your cell opened, " said the jailer.

" I did not open it, " said Jonas, " but thee sees I might have gone if I had been so willed. "

" Do you know anything how the slaves got out ? " said the jailer, " come, you must let me into this business. "

" When thee shows me thy right to make such inquiries, perhaps I may reply to thee. Thou hast the keys, hast thou not ? "

“ Yes, I found them where I always keep them.”

“ Then thou must read the riddle.”

“ I’ll give this business up,” said the jailer, as he retired. “ I wish I was back north, yes, I do ; this young southerner will be here presently, all blood and battle, and ready to eat me up alive, because his niggers are gone. I must fix up a story for him.

* * * * *

Arthur having quieted the jailers fears, asked to see Jonas. He found him still alone, and entered into a long conversation with him.

“ In my late sickness,” said he, “ I first felt the terrors of an awakened conscience, but as my health returned, I strove against, and overcome those feelings, but since I heard that prayer, this morning, there seems to have come a strange change over my mind ; scales have fallen from my eyes. I am perfectly ready to give Marian her freedom, and I am astonished at my own readiness to do so. To-morrow I will give you her free papers. I mean to purchase Gilbert of his master, that I may free him, also. A very simple plan has suggested itself, by which I can cover up their flight, which is not yet known beyond the prison. I shall take the preparatory steps before I leave the prison.”

“ These are true signs of thy heart’s being moved,” said Jonas, “ just and righteous acts are they, and dost thou not feel vastly the better ? ”

“ Certainly,” said Arthur, “ it was like death to me to part with Marian, but when I had yielded to my convictions, it was like taking a heavy chain off a man.”

“ Yes,” said Jonas, “ and for every slave thou free’st, a shackle will fall from off thine own soul, and when the

last one falls from thy last slave, thou shalt be free indeed."

"I am not able to do all that yet," said Arthur ; " I do not see it my duty, but I mean to be a better master."

" I must not keep back the truth from thee," said Jonas. " God will have a whole burnt offering ; thou wilt not rest till thou hast given up all."

" I wish I could induce uncle to withdraw the suit," said Arthur.

" I thank thee for thy good wishes," said Jonas ; " I love thee, and pray that He that has begun with thee, will finish his work."

* * * * *

" The trial come on the next day, and Jonas was arraigned before the court. The court room was crowded. All the gentry in the vicinity were there, and all the Friends who lived about there ; hanging about the doors, among the crowd, were many poor colored people, who loved Jonas as a father. The principal evidence against the prisoner, was given by the slave hunters, who surprised them in the cave, and, though some of these were overseers, and low bullies, yet, to their shame, be it spoken, the proudest of the gentry were among them ; there was also some testimony given to prove that Jonas had been often guilty of similar offences. Mr. Livingston made one more private effort to bring Arthur to the witness stand, but he told him at once, if he came he should witness in favor of Jonas. On the part of the prisoner, the chief evidence was his daughter, and Dorcas Hart, though several eminent public Friends, bore witness to his excellent character, by voluntary testimony. When Aimee came forward to the stand, she attracted every eye. That air of touching grief

threw over her youth and beauty a sacred charm, that all felt, and for a moment, you might have heard a pin fall.

There was one, among the crowd, who in the morning twilight, in the gloomy darkened cell, had but faintly discerned that countenance, who could not withdraw his eyes from her meek loveliness. With great self-possession, she gave her evidence. Dorcas Hart followed ; poor Dorcas, who never thought to see such a trying day. Jonas was allowed to plead his own cause, which he did briefly. “ In the first place,” said he, “ I am accused of enticing away these slaves, to which I boldly plead, not guilty. That these poor slaves came to me, I do not deny ; that I entertained them with a little of that hospitality, whereby some of old entertained angels unawares, I am free to own. I likewise brought them a piece on their journey. That is the whole of my crime. Do with me as you will, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.” Jonas then sat down, the peace which dwelt within, illuminating his venerable countenance. The Jury retired : in a short time they returned, with their verdict—guilty of harboring and aiding the fugitive slaves. He was not arrested, nor the action brought under the new law ; his sentence was not imprisonment, but banishment from the State, and a fine of three thousand dollars. He was to leave the State directly. A slight tremor shook the frame of the prisoner. He bowed his head, and buried his face in his hands.

“ My father,” exclaimed a voice from the little company of Friends, and instantly Aimee was by his side. The holy instincts of nature, over-awed the court, as father and daughter wept together. They were no more separated,

Some officers were appointed to attend them beyond the bounds of the State. The Friends came around them with heart-felt expressions of sorrow. There was one among the group of young men at the door, who stepped forward, and with deep respect, handed the exile and his daughter, and Dorcas Hart, into the carriage, for the faithful Dorcas, who had laid up a little property by industry, chose to share their exile. He who had thus publicly evinced his sympathy with the outcasts, gazed after the carriage until it was out of sight, then slowly walked away. "And so it is," said he, "an angel has appeared before me in my downward path, warned me, awakened me, and forever vanished from my sight!—and yet what is she to me!" The pride of caste placed the beautiful quakeress, the daughter of a simple Quaker farmer, almost as decidedly out of the pale of that circle, where he must be expected to woo and wed, as Marian herself.

He had concerted the plan with the jailer, by which he proposed to conceal the flight of Gilbert and Marian. The guard came easily into it, as their own honor was concerned. He was to come in the evening with a carriage, on pretence of removing the slaves, in order to take them away. He accordingly went to the jail, where two of the guard, disguised, were carried off in his carriage as the slaves. But as for Jasmyn, he told the jailer that he need not be concerned, as he knew, by money, he could prevent all further inquiry or proceedings against him. He told him, also, that Jasmyn had been reported ill, and his trial postponed.

"Yes," said the jailer, "and before it comes on, I, myself, mean to be among the missing."

After this simple stratagem was performed, he returned

to Livingston Lawn. The following day, after some final arrangements had been made with his Uncle, he left the place, not, however, before he had visited Sybil, and left with her a handsome gift, and the encouraging news that there would be no pursuit of the fugitives.

“God bless him !” said Sybil, as she watched him from the door, riding up the road on horse-back, shading her eyes with her hand, while she looked after him. “I always saw something good at work with him, when he was wildest ; I always said he would turn, and when he did turn, it would be a real turn, and no make-believe. He has put more heart in me, than I have had this many a day ; God bless him ! ”

St. Vallery took the same road the carriage had taken, the preceding day. He followed them, not merely from a romantic interest, but because he felt that he owed Jonas a generous assistance. He regreted that he had not ascertained their destination, but only knew their course, while the officers attended them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Wherein Gilbert relates the adventures of his flight.

Dark was the night when we parted, but darker were our prospects. The Fugitive Slave Law, like a wall of fire, barred us out on every hand, from human aid. Had I been alone, my flight had been less difficult, but although Marian was capable of great and patient endurance, she was a cause of much anxiety to me. Cornelia had provided as well as she could, but we had neither much food or money. Yet, we trustingly commended ourselves to Him, who is able to spread a table in the wilderness.

Our design was, after crossing the mountains, to take a northern course. We dreaded every noise ; when we lurked at night, we saw a foe ready to start from every bush. The sight of one of our white fellow beings, instead of waking glad response of human welcome, sent to our hearts a sick, and shuddering fear. But fear, apprehension, and fatigue, finally overcame my poor sister. She was unable to keep up with me. But "Christ often for the saddest hour reserves the sweetest aid." I climbed up an eminence, and looking around espied a hut which from its appearance, I believed to be the shanty of some Irishman. Leaving Marian situated as comfortable as I could, I went on to the hut of the emigrant to ask some relief, for I feared she would die from hunger and weariness. As I reach-

ed the hut, I saw the emigrant smoking his pipe, at the door.

“Can you give shelter,” said I, “to a sick lad, who is faint by the road-side?”

“To be sure, and I will,” said he, “and welcome to such as it is. Been sporting in the woods?” said he, seeing my gun.

“A little,” said I, “but my brother is not a very good hunter, and has suddenly fallen ill.”

“I understand ye, honey,” said the Irishman; “Yees best not tell me no more nor ye like, for, by my faith, ye’re a couple of run-a-ways! none the worse for that, my boy; is’nt liberty as swate, and as natural to you as to me, and is’nt it myself has come all the way from ould Ireland, jist, to snuff a breath of fresh air here in the wilderness?—will I grudge that same to yourself? no, by the powers, never a bit.”

By this time, we had came to the spot where we had left Marian. She had fainted!

“Ah, cush la ma chree,” said the Irishman, as we lifted her up; “your brother is as beautiful a boy as ever my eyes beheld, but he is very poorly; come, we will take him home. He is very dead in himself, poor fellow, the light of heaven be on his sowl.”

We took Marian into the hut, laid her on a bed, and, after chafing her temples awhile, she recovered. This christian Irishman then gave us a hearty meal, of baked sweet potatoes, bread and bacon. In the expressive Scripture phrase, “our eyes were enlightened.”

“Ye’ve heard of the new law, I suppose,” said our host. “Bother on me, but it is a divil of a law, any how,

this same purgative law. It goes agin my stomach, any way." I told him we did not mean to trespass long on his hospitality, in such dangerous times, and especially in a southern country.

"I don't know much about the counthry at all," said he. "I liked the land well, and bought a little patch of a farm here, but Lord save us, if I may not give a crust of my bread to a poor sowl, I'm for a short stay here. I've lost my wife since I've been here, as cliver and nate a crature as ye'd feast your two eyes on, and two pretty boys, there yonder, is their graves, the dear cratures. I've lain them by her side, God bless her!"

As he spoke this, he dashed away his tears, and gave three or four long whiffs with his pipe. "I've lost," said he, "what made this lonesome place, home to me, but that is not so hard, as not to have the liberty of giving a Christian a throp of cold water. It's no liberty at all I'm thinking. Don't you be after stirring to-night. Your brother may slape on my bed, and you and I will keep watch with Jowler."

"No," said I, "my good friend, we must not trespass on you, it might cause you trouble; here is a silver piece for you."

"Yees may keep your silver; it would be a long way from me to make a poor man any the poorer; Heaven's got a very narrow gate for the like of us to get through, any way. Ye need not lave at any rate, till it gets late, for I like your company, it gives me heart."

I stopped with him an hour or two longer, for I wanted to talk with him about the best things. The good Irishman lent a listening ear, and promised to seek that inward

evidence of a blood-bought pardon, of which I told him. About midnight, we left our hospitable Irishman. Marian had quite recovered her strength, by the generous refreshment this good Samaritan had given us. A few nights after, we had like to have fallen into the hands of thieves. I found an old, desolate house, dilapidated and entirely uninhabited, except one old kitchen we went into ; we saw some rude seats here, and a table. There was ashes on the hearth, and raking among them, we perceived that there had been a fire there recently, which was not yet extinguished. "It is only some hunter's fire," said I, for I wanted to stay and cook some game I had. I did so, but felt apprehensive all the time. After we had eaten, I took a look around, and found an old cellar, pretty snug, and remote from the kitchen. In this place we secreted ourselves for the night, as well as we could, hiding ourselves behind the fallen remains of an old chimney. We heard soon after, the tramp of horses. Soon the sounds of laughter and jollity came from the old kitchen. I could not resist my curiosity to know what they were doing ; I crept softly around to the kitchen windows, and looking in, saw about thirty men round the old table, drinking. But what painfully drew my attention, was a poor black man tied up with ropes. I found that they were a gang of rogues, who robbed, kidnapped, or broke into houses, as either seemed most profitable. Oh ! what an object the man was ; his poor, half-naked, emaciated body deeply furrowed with the marks of the cruel scourge, his rags hanging about him, and his countenance the most expressive of haggard fear and despair, I ever saw.

I went back and told my sister what I had seen.

"These men," said I, "will soon be dead drunk ; we are here in a lonely place ; we might, at great peril, rescue their prisoner, yet we ought to be flying from this place, this very moment."

Marian paused a moment, thoughtfully. "'Tis hard, Gibby," she said, "to risk all, but what should we ask him to do for us, if we were in his place ?"

"Then, Marian, I must leave you a little distance off, that you, at least, may escape."

"No, dear Gibby," said she, "let me take my chance with you."

But I persisted, telling her that I could do nothing, if she remained. It was a little hollow in the woods, where I located Marian ; then returning to the house, I waited until the last man fell under the table, as I judged from the silence that ensued. Soon after, I cautiously entered the kitchen. Every one of these wretched men, were stretched upon the floor. I made a gesture to the prisoner not to speak or move. I then took a large butcher knife, cut the ropes that bound him, and made a motion for him to follow me. The poor creature gladly obeyed. We went silently to the place where I had left my sister. We found her praying for our success. We told the man we would help him all we could ; our provisions were scanty enough, but we willingly shared with him, what we had. "Ours was an angel's portion then." He traveled with us until we arrived in a free State. He then struck off in another direction, but we heard from him, after his arrival in Canada. He brought us a blessing. We always had our fill, at the homely meals we shared together. One day we found some bread and game, left by some hunter. Once a day,

we prayed to Him who had "bought us with a price," bade us not to be the servants of men, and to call no man master. We were now in a free State, yet I did not feel safe. Here the terror of the law reigned; yet, were there some who quailed not, but calmly defied the power of evil. I had a letter from Jonas, to a certain man of wealth, an acquaintance of his, a professed Anti-slavery man. One evening, after we were fairly sick with fear and fatigue, we knocked at his door. It was beginning to rain, and we thought we were sure of a comfortable rest and shelter, for the night. The gentleman came to the door. He was a slightly well-to-do looking man; we asked if it was Mr.—; he surveyed us very closely, stepped out into the porch, and half closing the door, says:

"You are fugitive slaves, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry that I cannot receive you, but the law is very severe, and this is a pro-slavery neighborhood."

"Are you not an abolitionist?"

"No, not exactly an abolitionist, but I am an anti-slavery man. I consider it an ill advised thing, for you slaves to run away, at all. The new law is cruel and unjust. There is a disposition, among rational friends of the slave, to assist and protect those already here, but you that come out now, after you know your risk, must not expect much encouragement."

"Sir," said I, "would you have us stay and suffer more than ever? for this law makes it safe for the slaveholder to increase his cruelties."

"I know it is very bad," said the gentleman, "but I do not see how it can be helped."

He was settling his spectacles, and about to go in, when I presented my letter from Jonas Freeman. He took the letter and went in, but returned soon, and said:

"Friend Jonas has got into trouble, and he wants others to be as imprudent as himself. Here," said he, handing me a small piece of change, "this is all I am able to give you, just now."

"But, sir, can you not tell us where we can lodge, have you no barn?"

"No, no, but stop, there is a widow woman lives down by that old bridge. She has nothing to lose, but the old house she lives in. She was here to-day, with some work, and said her door should be open to every fugitive that came along. Her name is Woodly."

"We left the man, sincerely hoping, all the other anti-slavery friends we met with, would be of the irrational sort. We felt loth to trouble the poor widow. Unhappy fugitive, a source of danger to thy best friends. Mrs. Woodly's house stood on the out-skirts of the village, and we concluded to stop there till the rain was over, which was now falling fast. Stern necessity drove us on. We reached the house; how different from the stately mansion we had left. Some rose bushes, and an elm, at a little distance, were its rural ornaments. We knocked. A little, pleasant looking, chubby faced boy opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Woodly at home?"

"Yes, sir, but come in, don't stand in the rain, I will go and find mother." The manner of a child almost always indicates the real character of the family, and this hospitable admittance ensured our welcome. We accepted the invitation of the little welcomer. We entered a

neat, plain room. Two ruddy children were sitting together, in a large rocking-chair, singing that most touching of all anti-slavery melodies, The "Blind Child to his Mother." Their plain supper, of bread and milk, was on the table. Every thing showed a well ordered economy, from the clean, thrifty rag carpet on the floor, to the neat check apron of the children. Presently, Mrs. Woodly came in, just such a motherly woman as we expected to see.

"I am glad to see you," said she, "I know what sort of people you are. Welcome, in the name of Him who had not where to lay his head."

"Then you are not afraid of the risk," said I, "it is only necessity that has caused us to trouble you."

"I believe in God," said she, with glistening eyes, "and I feel, that in denying you a shelter, I should be shutting my door on the Saviour. You are welcome to the best I have."

Oh! Webster, thou couldst not make this woman poor, with the talons of the Fugitive Law upon her, and the United States at thy back. What a welcome we had; how cheerfully she rummaged out the choicest of her simple dainties, for us. The spirit of Mary, who poured the precious ointment over the feet of Jesus, was in this woman. Some would have satisfied their charity, in giving two such sad looking outlaws as we were, some coarse food, in a coarse way; but no, the nice home-spun linen damask cloth, her mother's own spinning, (Heaven rest her soul, for giving birth to such a daughter,) was brought forth, the best china she had, and the best fare she had, was on the table, and as we drew around, she looked up for a blessing, and said, *come Lord, and partake with us in the person of thy*

poor outcasts ; come Lord, and bless me and my children, and the stranger within our gates. Poor fugitive Pilgrims, after sore trials are often brought to some "House Beautiful, or hospitable shepherds." After supper, Mary, James and Robert, sang many anti-slavery, and devotional hymns. When we retired, it was to the best room, and the best bed. We told her we should leave as soon as the storm abated.

"Go when you will," said she, "the blessing of God go with you."

We left before day, as we were cautious not to give trouble. We went on. At the next stopping-place, we had another letter to deliver, from Jonas. We entered the village late in the evening, but going to the house found it closed. It was a nice, two-story house. We felt disappointed and turned away, when a man who kept a grocery near by, and was closing his windows, said to us, "are you looking for Mr. —— ?"

"Yes."

"Well, he is not there. Step in here to my shop, and I will tell you." He told us that his neighbor, who was one of the kindest of men, had just lost every cent for harboring a fugitive. "That house," said he, "he earned by his own hard labor, and it seems a sin and shame, to have it taken from him by a wicked law, for the sake of those who never earned a cent, and never will. Don't be afraid of me," he added, as we looked at one another, "I am his wife's brother ; Sally and her four pretty children, are at my house ; he, poor man, is in prison. I am poor, but if I part with my last cent, they shall not lack anything. You see we are all slaves in one sense, for what is Liber-

ty, if we may not serve God according to our own conscience, by doing good. I can give you some crackers and cheese, and can take my wagon and carry you a piece, and that is all I am able to do."

This he did, and we were glad of his assistance. Nothing more of any importance befel us. We reached Philadelphia, and the house of our friends in safety. We kept very close, waiting for the arrival of our comrades, before we should push on farther. We were troubled to hear that Jonas and his daughter had not arrived, as they had agreed to come hither, if Jonas was released. This, and our concern for Cornelia and Jasmyn, affected the joy we felt in being with these Christian friends ; Christians not in name only, but in deed and in truth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The narrator resumes the story.

It was drawing near the close of day, and evening sat on her gorgeous western throne. One fair star had arisen, and the new moon's amber crescent was seen in the clear sky. The closing harmonies of day arose from the woods, and mingling with the murmur of waters, and the play of the wind among the trees, refreshed and touched the soul. A young horseman was riding over a mountainous road at this time. As the road swept along the green uplands, a country-inn appeared in sight, its ancient sign swinging from the branches of an old oak, and gilded by the setting sun. All the old windows of the antiquated house were, in poet's phrase, "burnished by the setting sun." Here our traveler reined up, and alighting from his horse, walked up to the door, to inquire if he could be lodged for the night. He knocked, and the landlady opened the door, and presented herself, one of these portly, good-humored characters, with a face full of business, and given to gossip.

"Can I lodge here to-night, madam?" was the inquiry.

"Oh! yes sir, walk in, this is the parlor, sir, we will soon have your room ready; any supper, sir?"

"Yes, madam."

"What will you please to have?"

"It matters little," said the stranger, "any thing you please. Have you any guests, madam?"

“ Not many just now, only a sick Quaker gentleman, and his daughter, and another Quaker woman who came with them.”

A flush came across the cheek of the stranger. “ Is the old gentleman very sick ? ”

“ Oh ! yes, sir ; the Doctor says he cannot live. I’m looking for his daughter to be sick too, for she waits upon him, and watches over him, day and night, poor, young thing. I think she is about the most beautifulest young woman I ever saw. I didn’t make out anything about them ; they are very still-mouthed folks, but I am quite the reverse, sir, I can assure you ; all is right up and down, with me ; all above board.”

“ Have you a pen and ink, madam ? I should like to have writing materials, directly.”

“ I’ll send Jim right up with them sir, and when will you have supper ? ”

“ In an hour or two hence.”

The landlady then left the room, determined to find out all about this new comer. She went to the kitchen, and dispatching Jim with the writing materials, thus addressed her helpmate, a tall, raw-boned man, rather sparing of speech, a complete contrast to his wife

“ There’s a traveler stopped, Mr. Jobson.”

“ What of that, Betsey, we must take care of him, that’s the whole of it.”

“ Why, Mr. Jobson, he is one of the handsomest young men I ever saw, and if I was to guess—,”

“ What is the use of guessing anything about it, Mrs. Jobson, don’t I tell you all you have to do is to give him a clean bed, and the sort of supper he likes.”

“ Dear me, husband, that is always the way you go on, but you may depend upon it, this young man is none of your common sort, but if I was to guess—”

“ Have not I requested that you should not guess at all,” said Mr Jobson, thrusting his hands into his pocket, (which is a gesture significant of domestic authority.) Many a loaf of bread has been burnt in that oven, Mrs. Jobson, while you have been guessing out about people ; you have nothing to do with, but to give them good board and lodging.”

“ Well, you are the strangest man, Mr. Jobson, no more interest,—but here comes Jim, with a note, that gentleman has been writing. Now, Jim,” said she, pushing down her spectacles, “ let me just look at that note. Husband, you may say what you will, that young man is as grand a gentleman.”

“ What if he is, what is that to us ! ” exclaimed Mr. Jobson.”

“ Do see what a beautiful hand writing. Why, if it is’nt directed to the old gentleman, up stairs ! ”

“ Is this any of your concern ? Betsey, why do you delay the letter ; Jim, take the note directly to the person it is addressed to.”

“ I’ll take it up myself,” said the landlady, wiping the corners of her mouth with her check apron. “ I’ll know the up-shot of this.”

She went up stairs, and rapped at the door of the sick man’s room. A young girl, in a loose wrapping gown, opened the door, received the note, and thanked the bearer. It was no offence to our landlady’s ideas of morality or honor to listen, on particular occasions. She put her ear

close to the key hole, and partially heard Aimee read to her father, in a low tone, these words:—I have sought you, my respected friend, not only for the interest I have in you, but because I wish to learn if Marian has yet received her manumission papers. I should be too happy to find myself under the same roof with you, if I had not learned that you were ill. Alas, this is one of the great evils of slavery ; it unavoidably arrays against us the noblest hearts, and often, as at this time, causes ruin and suffering to the most generous of men. Can you forgive one who has, though indirectly, occasioned such distress ? I owe you more than life. Will you generously accept that aid, I should esteem it the highest favor to give ? It is my earnest wish, and would but begin the reparation I owe to God, to you, and my fellow-men. If you are not too weak to allow me an interview, it would be a great relief to an oppressed and penitent heart, to hear you say, I forgive you. Very truly yours,

ARTHUR ST. VALLERY.

This letter seemed to give much satisfaction to those within the chamber ; but Mrs. Jobson did not wait to hear any more, but hastened down stairs to her husband.

“ There,” said she, sitting down beside him, “ you never want to know nothing, Mr. Jobson, and you never will ; I’ve got the whole clue to that young man’s business, besides some light upon them Quakers.”

“ What is that to you, Mrs. Jobson ? Have you any right to have any light on those people, or any clue to that young man’s business ? Have I not told you every day, as many hours as there is in the day, that you have no more

to do with the family affairs of folks as comes here for board and lodging, than our hostler has to know all about the horses he puts up? He stables them, and feeds them, that is all his concern; and all yours, is to lodge and board your customers."

"I would not compare folks with brute beasts, husband, but I know one thing, that gentleman did not come here for nothing, to-night," said the landlady, taking a pinch of snuff.

"I suppose he did not," said Mr. Jobson, drily; "but he will get nothing, without you stop talking, and stir round and get his supper."

"Ah," says she, "he cares little what he eats, from what I can find."

"What right have you to find any thing, but board and lodging?"

"I will tell you this much," said Mrs. Jobson, "'tis a love affair; them Quakers is so awful set, and it seems he owes the old man a power of money, but he cannot break up the match, that's my opinion," said she, closing with another great pinch of snuff.

"What right have you to have any opinion about them, except whether they can foot their bills or not, that's your sphere, Mrs. Jobson."

"I'll never tell you any thing more," said Mrs. Jobson, "for you are the most disinterested person I ever saw, except about your own petty affairs."

With these words, the busy landlady put up her snuff box, and went her way.

As our friend Arthur sat at supper, a note was handed

him. It was a beautiful, fair, free flowing hand, and ran thus:—

“My father returns many thanks to our friend, and will be glad to see him this evening.”

AIMEE FREEMAN.

CHAPTER XXX.

The narrator goes on with the history

The large, antiquated room in which the sick man lay, was a beautiful place for a Christian believer to pass from to his eternal rest. It overlooked a wide, delicious valley. The crystal streams from the mountains, the fertile fields and the fair farms looked all delightful repose and beauty. The early moon, the many quiet stars, seemed watching to see the declining hours of a faithful martyr. Jonas had taken the jail fever, and it had left him very weak. The soft light of a shaded lamp, showed the celestial calm of his countenance. Aimee sat by his side fanning him, and tenderly conversing with him, when Arthur rapped at the door. Dorcas Hart opened it, and gave him her hand kindly.

“I am glad to see thee, friend Arthur,” said Jonas, “I have much to say to thee, and many thanks to give thee. My dearest Aimee tells me I may recover, but there is that within me tells me the time has come, for me to be gathered. Do not weep, Aimee, thou must pray for willingness that his will may be done.”

“Oh! my friend,” said Arthur, “can you forgive me.”

“I have little to forgive thee,” said Jonas, “thou hast not been the direct cause of this, but thy poor slaves, now under the lash, on thy vast estates, they have much to forgive thee; and thy God, whom thou hast not feared, he has much to forgive thee. Oh! my young friend, thou weepst, and I would not grieve thee, except to waken

thee to repentance unto life. Thou hast not yet submitted unto God." Much more Jonas said, great power being given him to bear a faithful testimony.

The soul of the young man was convulsed ; at length he sunk upon his knees, and prayed.

" Oh ! merciful Redemer, whose sufferings I have so long abused, may a heavy laden sinner come to thee. Give me strength to unbind the heavy burdens, to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free. Here, in the presence of thy children, I do solemnly promise thee to unbind the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free. Here, I solemnly promise to free all my slaves ; oh ! that I could free every slave under the canopy of thy Heaven. And, oh ! my Father, help me, and accept me, for the sake of him who has freed my captive soul. Amen."

Jonas, much moved, placed his hands upon his head, and gave him his blessing, in the beautiful scripture form, beginning—" the Lord bless thee, and keep thee."

Arthur then had some conversation with them, in relation to his arrangements, and then retired, for his heart was too full that night, for any company but that of his own thoughts, and his newly found Heavenly Father. Aimee sat in weeping silence all the evening.

This scene, so pleasing in itself, had been too much for her father's exhausted frame. Soon after Arthur retired, she perceived a change for the worse, in her dear father. She called Dorcas and Mrs. Jobson, who although she was an inveterate gossip, and of a light temper, had a kindly heart, and at times, serious feelings. They sat up that night. When the next morning's sun shone on that quiet valley, its beams fell upon the face of him, who through

grace, had been faithful unto death. He slept in Jesus, his locks parted on that venerable brow, and a smile of triumph that told of an opening heaven, lingering on his lips. Aimee sat by his side, no longer convulsed with grief, but as if her spirit shared her Father's victory.

* * * * *

It had been arranged in the evening's conversation, that St. Vallery should write to Philadelphia, announcing to the friends there, that he was coming, and for what object ; but ere mailing his letter, he had to report the death of Jonas, and that probably Dorcas and Aimee would accompany him after the funeral. It was the wish of Jonas to be buried in that quiet valley, near which he had so blessedly resigned his breath. That duty done, Arthur attended Dorcas and Aimee to Philadelphia. On reaching the house, they found Cornelia and Gilbert, Marian and Jasmyn, ready to receive them. What a meeting was this.

"I have come to give you freedom," said St. Vallery, "and not only to you, but I mean to free every slave who calls me master."

Thanks and blessings were showered upon him ; the recent death of Jonas mellowed, but did not disturb the happiness, for was he not happy too, was he not with them. Gilbert and Cornelia had been married soon after their arrival in Philadelphia, expecting at the time to leave for Canada. It was late in the evening before the happy party separated. St. Vallery went to a hotel in the neighborhood. He said to Aimee, as he left her, "to-morrow I must leave for my great work. In the morning he returned to his new friends. Jasmyn and Marian, Gilbert and Cornelia were present to receive him. He generous-

ly gave to each of the young couple money sufficient to buy and stock a farm, for, said he, "I do not mean to make you free, and leave you poor."

The kind Friends were very glad to see him again, but he missed Aimee from the circle. One of the daughters reading his look, said to him, "she whom thou missest is in the garden." He rose and sought her there. She was sitting in the door-way of a summer-house. She had gone there to indulge her own sad thoughts, for she could not but deeply mourn such a father. She looked pensive and thoughtful. Arthur came and stood beside her.

"You look sad, Aimee," said he.

"I ought to be happy," said she, "in seeing our friends so happy as thy goodness has made them, and yet I cannot be happy. Since my father's death, I have such a void, I so miss his tenderness and love."

"Is there no one," said St. Vallery, "that might fill that void in thy heart. Oh, Aimee, hear me, hear me ! from the first time I heard thy voice, my soul was thine, though I knew it not. Pride, the pride of this world was strong against my loving Christ, or loving thee, but the scene in the prison, thy father's behavior on his trial, and thine own, sweet Aimee, that happy death bed, that solemn warning given me from the lips of dying faith, all melted down my stubborn heart. There was no pride then in the way, and I felt that thou wert most dearly beloved. Is there no answer in thy heart for me, Aimee ? I have sometimes felt that there was."

There was no answer, but Aimee's tears ; what need of words ? Oh, blessed tears, in which two young hearts

were baptized into an undying love ! how ye gushed from their eyes, as every restraint gave way.

“ I had purposed,” said Arthur, “ not to speak of my love for thee, till my work was done, but when I saw thy sadness, and heard thee speak of thy loneliness, how could I refrain ?

* * * * *

Gilbert and Jasmyn purchased two farms in the near neighborhood, and Jasmyn soon welcomed his grandmother to his new abode. Aimee, as soon as they were settled, went to visit them. While there, she received the following letter from Arthur:

“ All is done, my Aimee ; I have moved promptly, but cautiously. I have purchased Gilbert’s freedom ; and now, Aimee, in a short time we shall meet again. Your father’s prophecy is accomplished. I am in a Paradise of joy and acceptance. I am many times a freeman, for every slave I have enlarged, has enlarged the liberty of my soul. Around thy dear image, hopes gather, ‘ bright, bright as the morning.’ ”

ARTHUR.

* * * * *

The sun had departed, but that long loving, lingering glow had succeeded, which twilight wears in the islands of the blest. In the verandah of a beautiful dwelling, was a newly wedded, youthful pair. Sweet were the gales of balm from the groves of the orange, but more grateful to that gentle pair, was the sight of the cheerful cottages of the free laborer, that gladdened the scene. Deep was the gratitude of that youthful pair, to the God who made them one. It was Arthur and Aimee St. Vallery. They were not alone. At a little distance, were Marian and Jasmyn,

strolling through the walks. But while they were all enjoying an evening so lovely that Heaven seemed to draw near to earth, there came a voice down through that soft, calm air,—

Twice, thrice through the Furnace past,
Happy and free, and saved at last.